

FEBRUARY 19, 1979

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# TIME

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His  
Centennial  
Year

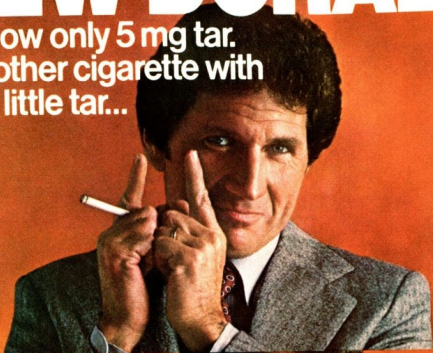


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## A Letter from the Publisher

Associate Editor Frederic Golden was a journalism student at Columbia University in 1955 when he heard of Albert Einstein's death. Though relativity baffled him, Golden knew instantly that science—and civilization—had lost a major hero. "Einstein was the symbol of learning and wisdom for my generation," explains Golden, who wrote this week's cover story on the new wave of interest in Einstein as followers celebrate the centennial of his birth. "He is the scientist of our age, but he is also remembered for his humanity, his personal style and his political and social thinking. You might say he is a figure for all of space and time."

This is Einstein's fourth appearance on the cover of Time since 1929 (not counting a lighthearted 1930 profile of his doting wife Elsa). For Golden, who has been a Time science writer since 1969, the current explosion of Einsteiniana presented an opportunity to fill a major gap in his education. Golden delved into the growing body of writing on relativity and consulted nearly a dozen leading experts. He also interviewed several of Einstein's

former associates and his longtime secretary, Helen Dukas.

For Senior Editor Leon Jaroff and Reporter-Researcher F. Sydner Vanderschmidt, working on this week's story was also a brain-stretching experience. "General relativity blows your mind," reports Jaroff. "What we set out to do was to give millions of intelligent readers a glimmering of what relativity is, and what it was that led Einstein to it." That glimmer is the latest in a long series of illuminating articles Jaroff and his staff have offered readers, and the American Association for the Advancement of Science-Westinghouse awards have recognized those efforts. TIME Correspondent Peter Stoler received an honorable mention in the magazine science writing category for his Nov. 7, 1977, cover story on Anthropologist Richard Leakey. First prize went to Fred Golden for his Sept. 4, 1978, story

on the baffling black holes of outer space, a phenomenon scientists would not have understood without the ideas on the nature of gravity, light, matter and energy propounded by Albert Einstein.

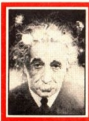
John C. Meyers



Science Writer Golden with Vanderschmidt and Jaroff

## Index

Cover: Painting by Roy Andersen.



**70**  
**Cover:** It's a global outbreak of Einstein fever as all the world joins in a centennial celebration honoring the father of relativity, and scientists everywhere find new revolutionary theories. See SCIENCE.



**12**  
**Nation:** Carter flies to Mexico to mend relations strained by Secretary Schlesinger's hard line on oil and gas. ▶ Tax-cut fever brings a move for a Constitutional Convention. ▶ In newly chic Key West, the natives are restless.



**84**  
**Roots II:** Excitement, fine acting and historical sophistication help *Roots II* outshine its successful parent. ABC's new mini-series climaxes in 1967, the year Alex Haley went to Africa to find Kunta Kinte. See TELEVISION.

### 30 World

In Iran, troops battle supporters of the Ayatollah Khomeini, who names a popular new provisional Prime Minister. ▶ A rare interview with a man from SAVAK. ▶ Israel is accused of mistreating terrorist suspects. ▶ Thailand worries about becoming another domino. ▶ Tales of Tito's love for music.

### 6

**American Scene**  
At the world's biggest truck stop, drivers eat, sleep, wash and yarn about dope smoking and the hated "four wheels" (cars).

### 80

**Medicine**  
An insurer hits unneeded diagnostic tests. ▶ European blood pours into the U.S. ▶ Test-tube-baby doctor tells all.

### 44

**Economy & Business**  
Financial fallout from Iran. ▶ More bad price news. ▶ Bill Buckley on the SEC's firing line. ▶ Dicker-ing with the Chinese.

### 90

**Books**  
*The Ides of August* teaches the lessons of the Berlin Wall. ▶ *Dress Gray* catches West Point with its guard down.

### 54

**Religion**  
In Jonestown's wake, charges of mind control are leveled during a raucous Capitol Hill session on religious cults.

### 97

**Law**  
A lone holdout hangs the jury in a Congressman's bribery trial, and the Government probes for jury tampering.

### 59

**Cinema**  
*Hardcore* is a grim look at the world of porno film making. ▶ *Murder by Decree* does injustice to Sherlock Holmes.

### 98

**Education**  
With a hard-earned doctorate in heroism, ex-P.O.W. James Stockdale teaches moral philosophy to a class of naval officers.

### 65

**Theater**  
Playwright Michael Weller is addicted to the young. In *Loose Ends*, his characters suffer growing pains without growing up.

### 4 Letters

69 People  
97 Milestones

# E

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## Letters

### Pot and Coke

To the Editors:

Legalize marijuana [Jan. 29]. Think of the advantages: a new taxable market, a reduction in the trade deficit (by growing and consuming domestic crops) and an end to all the corruption and violence that come with imported pot.

B.A. Walker  
Glen Ellyn, Ill.

The money currently being squandered on marijuana and cocaine law enforcement would go a long way toward financing a national health insurance program. The money would be better spent promoting life than artificially supporting a criminal underground.

Alan Baldwin  
Cobalt, Idaho



Marijuana and cocaine are the deep-rooted substances of cultures that have existed far longer than America's gun-toting, industrially polluting society can hope to survive. I have yet to see one stick of the most potent Thai weed kill a single Vietnamese or Harlem black.

Mark Macisae  
Vancouver

The Inca ruler allowed only the aristocracy and the royal messengers to use the coca. The Indian population was forbidden its use because it tended to make them nonproductive. When Pizarro and his fellow Christians took over the empire, one of their first acts was to make coca chewing available to the whole populace. The result was that there was no effort to resist or overthrow the Spaniards because of the lethargy the drug produced.

Gordon H. Dalton  
Pinehurst, N.C.

### Abortion and Religion

Abortionists are trying to set up pro-life as a religious issue [Jan. 29] so they can shoot it down as such. Many pro-life

ers are religious but that does not make it a religious issue.

Abortion is a scientific and moral issue. A fetus is a living individual with a separate identity from conception. When one person's "right" inflicts death on another, that right becomes secondary.

Rosalie Rosenfeld  
Medford Lakes, N.J.

The law does not seek to force Catholics, fundamentalists or any other pro-lifers to have abortions they don't want. Yet when a court suit seeks to prevent them from legislating their way down all our throats and using our tax system as a means to force women to bear children they don't want, they call it a threat to civil rights.

Shari York  
Toledo

I am a probation officer supervising adult females. About 90% of these probationers are themselves products of unwanted, unplanned pregnancies. As their lives have become more desperate, laden with social and criminal problems, no "right to life" are there to help them pick up the pieces.

Mrs. R.K. Astmann  
Buffalo

Any antiabortion bill will be sillier than the Prohibition Amendment, unless a holy inquisition enforces it.

Jim Spires  
St. Petersburg, Fla.

### A Too Familiar "Freedom"

The uncertainty of what will follow the Shah becomes serious apprehension when one reads the Ayatullah's declaration that "the press will be free ... except for those articles that would be harmful to the nation" [Jan. 22]. The restrictions sound all too familiar and similar to those allegedly enforced by the oppressive regime the Ayatullah claims to lighten and improve. And who will decide what is harmful to the nation? The Ayatullah and his entourage?

Willibald Sontag  
Koblentz, West Germany

### The Grammarian

Bravo for Richard Mitchell [Jan. 29]. Every city in the U.S. that has a newspaper, TV station or radio station needs an *Underground Grammarian* to guard against further deterioration of the English language and to re-create in the mind and ear of the public a sense of pride in the ability to communicate accurately.

Lee Nehrt  
New York City

Personally, I couldn't wait to escape from under the thumbs of these zealots, the grammarians. I find I would much prefer splitting infinitives than hairs. And

I'd rather dangle participles than the false hope that improved language will truly improve man.

Susan L. Lenzkes  
San Diego

### TV in the Zoo

The TV addition of Willie B., the Atlanta gorilla [Jan. 22], should not surprise us. It merely lends credence to the widely held belief that television producers have lowered the intellectual content of their programming to the subhuman level.

Bruce N. Deppa  
Gaithersburg, Md.

In view of the learning capacity shown by many gorillas and other great apes, why not specially taped programs for them, such as sign-language classes? There is an orangutan in our Washington zoo who is so bored she is reduced to just watching the people. I'm sure she would love good TV programs.

Natalie Gawdiak  
Silver Spring, Md.

### Judicial Activism

In your Essay on the judiciary [Jan. 22], you criticize the courts for taking an activist role. As a workingman, I can only say thank God somebody cares about my rights. Justice and human rights have fallen by the wayside as politicians from both parties scramble to ingratiate themselves with fat-cat contributors. The judiciary is the only place where the poor and working people can receive fair treatment.

Manfred Holl  
Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

### What Every Girl Knows

Every girl learns at a very young age that it is wrong to have sexual intercourse with a man without being married to him. This is in violation of one of the rules of society. I hope Lee Marvin [Jan. 15] doesn't have to pay that woman any money.

Dorothy B. Newell  
Glendale, Calif.

### Spies in Maine

How has TIME discovered Gordon Bok [Jan. 22]? What city-slicker spies were hiding among "we happy few" who trooped time and again to local fairs or high school gyms in snowstorms to hear this modest man?

But TIME cannot reproduce his warm, rich voice or the stark poetry of his songs. So perhaps we are safe, and he will not become a superstar but will remain a folk singer among those who treasure his gifts.

Mrs. Adrian Asherman  
Cousin's Island, Me.

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## American Scene

### In Georgia: Footnotes from a Trucker's Heaven



Heavy rigs lined up in the parking lot of Transport City, and (right) tired truckers catching some shut-eye in the lounge

**T**he truck is their horse and they are the cowboys," says smooth-talking Richard Moyers, a vice president for Transport City. And it is true that they come on in Stetson hats, tooled leather belts and pointy-toed boots trimmed in iguana or wildebeest. But the men who roll into Transport City do not have the lean, weathered look of wranglers. Those pearl-buttoned denim shirts barely cover bellies bulging out from too many orders of mashed potatoes and chocolate cream pie. These cowboys are at home not on the range but in the claustrophobic cabs of 18-wheel trucks that thunder back and forth over the nation's 42,000 miles of interstate.

Twenty-four hours a day, the drivers jockey hundreds of big rigs—reefers, dry boxes and flatbeds—in and out of the world's largest and most complete truck stop. Transport City is a 51-acre, \$7 million complex that is still growing in the outskirts of Atlanta, just off Interstate 285. It smells of diesel fuel and looks like a giant J.C. Penney complex, but it is the nearest thing to trucker's heaven yet invented. In it, tired truckers by the hundreds can fill up their 150-gal. tanks, take saunas, wash their clothes, grab a few hours of shut-eye, get a quick clutch overhaul and eat their fill. The place has 24 computerized fueling stations that can pump 3 million gal. of gas a month.

About the only thing a driver can't get at Transport City is a bottle of beer or a shot of bourbon. No alcohol is available because, says Ralph Hutchinson, one of Transport City's developers, "drinking and driving don't mix." In the 99-unit motel, drivers can rent functional, two-bed rooms for \$13.50 a night. They rarely stay that long. The occupancy rate usually runs from 100% to 130%, as truckers slam in, grab a shave, a nap, fill up and head out again.

On the other end of the sprawling building, in the 24-hr-a-day maintenance department, 35 mechanics and helpers stand ready to do everything from change a 100-lb. tire in 20 min. to make an oil and filter change in 40. There are four en-

closed repair bays, and sometimes the big rigs are lined up three and four deep waiting for service. At another bay, an automatic truck wash with 16-ft. brushes scours the outsides of 55-ft.-long tractor trailers in eight minutes at a cost of \$25.

The hub of the complex is the sales office and call board, department store, barbershop, lounge and restaurant. The food is steam-table cuisine, but it is cheap and plentiful. A hungry man can heap his tray with chicken-fried steak, creamed potatoes, green beans, corn bread, salad and homemade pie for less than \$4.50. One trucker is celebrated for ordering seven scoops of mashed potatoes at 35¢ a scoop.

In the general store, under the gaze of a ceramic bust of Elvis Presley, drivers can buy everything from iridescent oil paintings (often depicting trucks) to pantyhose. What they buy most is hats (\$30) and boots (up to \$150). The newsstand is jammed with copies of *Overdrive*, the *CB Times* and *Country Music News*. And in a concession to the growing number of female drivers, *Vogue* and *Mademoiselle*.

In the lounge upstairs, drivers pass the time shooting pool or watching TV. Afternoons, a handful of drivers usually hang around the call board, smoking and talking. On the board are buttons that connect them directly with the Georgia offices of 29 nationwide freight carriers. "May I have your attention, please," an amplified female voice will vibrate through the room. "Anybody with a reefer interested in going to New York, New Jersey or Pennsylvania, please come to the desk." What a driver hauls depends partly on his truck. "Reefer" is jargon for a semi that carries refrigerated items, flatbeds tend to be for shop machinery, a dry box hauls everything else.

Allen Carter, 29, who works for International Transtar, explains that for professional drivers, two chief problems are fatigue and boredom. Truckers fight off sleep with speed and pep pills (known as "pocket rockets"), but stories of dozing at the wheel are not uncommon. The only way to make money on the 2½-day

trip from Florida to New York is by driving the 23 hrs. straight through. Carter thinks nothing of leaving Chicago and deadheading home to St. Cloud, Fla., without a break.

Weeks on the road are hard on a man's home life. One driver who has been married five times explains, "You get in the truck and leave, and they [the wives] see something they like better at home. But if you worry about that, you can't do your job." On the other hand, prostitutes flock around truck stops. Some drivers complain that Transport City harasses the women traveling with truckers. But the owners say they are just trying to protect the drivers. Like rock music and politics, trucking has its groupies, young girls who stand outside places like Transport City waiting for a hitch.

**E**ven so, few truckers willingly share their cabs. "That's mainly why a driver is a driver," says Carter, pushing back his tractor cap and folding his arms over his ample paunch. "He's by himself. Drivers can't stand a lot of racket. They like to get out by themselves and think." But not many go to the extreme of one young trucker doing his laundry at Transport City. He literally lives out of his rig. His dispatcher even reads him his mail over the radio. "I wouldn't trade it for anything. You're never in the same place. There's no whistle telling you to go to work, take a break or go home."

Talk at truck stops centers on highway conditions, the size of the biggest pothole, state regulations and, endlessly, the highway crimes and misdemeanors of "the four wheels," the feckless, reckless drivers of private automobiles.

High on the list of legal horrors is an Arkansas regulation requiring trucks traveling through the state to buy 65 gal. of gas. "You can't realize how ununited the U.S. is unless you drive across it," says Trucker Tom Strampel. The worst regulations, everyone agrees, are those governing the length and weight of tractor trailers. Smack dab in the middle of the U.S. are seven states that allow trucks



## American Scene

a gross weight of only 73,280 lbs. The states on either side permit 80,000 lbs. Truckers will do anything to avoid the weigh stations ("chicken coops") in those seven states. "You just can't make it from California to the East Coast legal," sighs Jerry Reeve, 37. "The Federal Government and state bureaucrats have made liars and thieves of us all," adds a driver. "Everybody finds ways around the rules." Just to break even, they all feel, they must break the speed limit, drive longer than the regulation ten hours or 450 miles at a stretch, and doctor their logbooks.

**F**rom jamming the useful CB circuits with dumb and frivolous chatter to hogging the highways, the four wheels can do no right. "The four wheels are parasites," says one driver. "They use you as bear meat." Growls another: "All year the four wheels plan for a two-week vacation. They throw a big party the night before they leave, jump in the car, the wife has the map in her lap and there are three screaming kids in the back seat. The guy is going 70 m.p.h. and looking backwards." Trucker Phyllis Crush, who drives with her husband Ted, describes a recent run-in. "I was driving in the giddyap lane and some broad stopped dead at 65 m.p.h. She was starting to back up at an exit. I slam on my brakes and my



Watching the call board for their next job

trailer hits the guard rail. But I'd have been responsible if I hit her."

Truckers drive for a living, ply a demanding trade, jockey unwieldy rigs in all weathers. They think of themselves as careful behind the wheel, though National Highway Safety Council statistics show that tractor trailers are involved in more fatal accidents per million vehicle miles than passenger cars (5.9 vs. 3.6 in 1977). Drivers say that more and more truckers

smoke pot on the road. Says Allen Carter, "I hear on the radio all the time, 'anybody working high? Anybody got a joint?'" A five-year U.C.L.A. study just completed reports that even a few tokes of marijuana reduce driver reaction time from 10% to 20% and affect peripheral vision as well as the driver's ability to judge distances. Many truckers disdain the weed, claiming it puts them to sleep. Other truckers argue that, as one of them puts it, "It depends on what kind of smoke you got—Colombia Red Bud, Mexican Brown, home grown." They contend that smoking drivers compensate for loss of reaction time by reducing speed. Says one: "You never see a marijuana smoker chasing a guy down the road."

**C**harlie Stallone, an independent owner-operator from Wilkes-Barre, Pa. (the sign on his T shirt reads SMOKE COLOMBIAN), explains: "Drivers smoke pot to unwind. You've been running ten hours through ice and snow. You're wired. You pull into a stop. They don't sell beer or whisky, so you light up a joint and go to sleep." Those who smoke when driving, adds Stallone, don't do it to get stoned. "You're not ripped. You've just got a buzz on."

"We're an outlaw breed," boasts Paul Sherman, 29. "We're the last free sons of bitches in the U.S."

—Anne Constable



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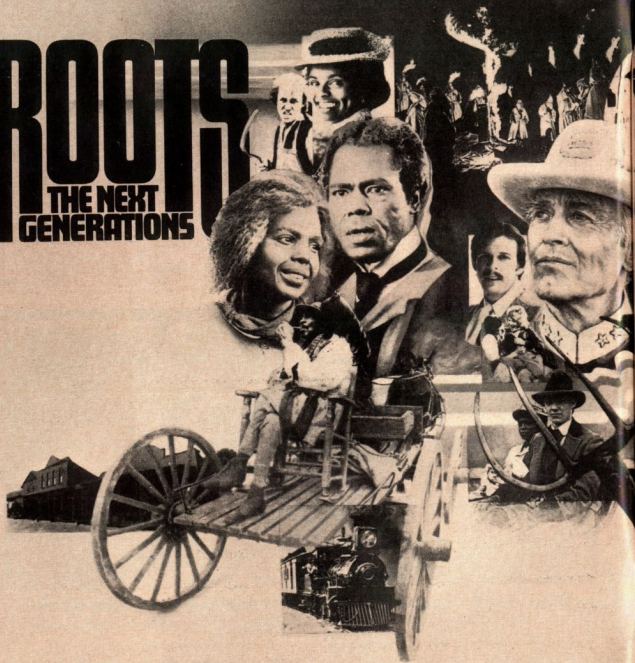
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# Why are so many manufacturers putting this much information on their labels?



Under Food and Drug Administration regulations, the labels of food products for which nutritional claims are made must contain lists of important nutrients including vitamins, minerals, protein, carbohydrates and fats, as well as calories. Vitamins, minerals and protein are expressed as percentages of the U.S. Recommended Daily Allowance (U.S. RDA)—the daily amounts established by the Food and Drug Administration as essential for maintaining good nutrition.

Even when a listing is not required, many food manufacturers voluntarily provide this information. They realize how this kind of information lets shoppers like you compare ingredients and buy the most nutritious foods.

## Good nutrition. More important than ever.

Even though our country enjoys one of the highest standards of living and is the largest producer of food products in the world, there are serious gaps in our national diet, most frequently because of poor eating habits. These deficiencies are not limited to low income groups, but cut across all economic and social levels.

According to the most recent information, twenty to fifty percent of Americans run some risk of not meeting the U.S. RDA for at least one or more of the vitamins C, A, B<sub>1</sub> (thiamine), B<sub>2</sub> (riboflavin), and folic acid. Minerals such as iron and calcium are also likely to be insufficient.

## Other ways you may be robbing your body of vitamins.

Recent studies show that blood plasma levels

of vitamin C in heavy smokers were as much as 30% lower than in non-smokers.

Chronic heavy consumption of alcohol, including beer and wine, may interfere with the body's utilization of vitamins B<sub>1</sub>, B<sub>6</sub> and folic acid. In addition, excessive drinking is frequently accompanied by poor eating habits, which compounds the problem by reducing vitamin intake. If you're dieting or skipping meals, you may be eliminating foods that contain many vitamins, including C, E and B-complex.

Sickness, including fevers and colds, may very well lower the level of vitamins in your blood. And women who take birth control pills could need extra vitamins B<sub>1</sub>, B<sub>2</sub>, B<sub>12</sub>, folic acid and from two to ten times the normal amount of vitamin B<sub>6</sub>. These increased nutritional needs have been demonstrated in several studies, but your own physician should be consulted.

## How to get the extra vitamins you may need.

When shopping for foods, be sure to read the nutritional panels on the side or back labels of the package. Select those that give you and your family a well-balanced diet, and will add up to a daily intake of at least 100% of the U.S. RDA for vitamins, minerals and the required amount of protein. Just to be sure, you can also take vitamin supplements daily. There are a number of different formulations including multiple as well as individual vitamins.

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## Gas: The future belongs to the efficient.

## Nation

TIME/FEB. 19, 1979

# To Mexico with Love

*Carter seeks friendship, but he will find grievances old and new*

**T**wo years ago, President Jimmy Carter raised a glass of champagne in a toast to his first state visitor at the White House, President José López Portillo of Mexico. Said Carter: "The proximity to the United States, I hope, will become a blessing and not a curse."

It was not to be. Indeed, there is no border on earth that separates two more widely divergent standards of living, and conflicts over trade, illegal immigration and drug smuggling have soured relations between the neighboring nations. Energy Secretary James Schlesinger made matters worse by his

**If U.S. won't pay: burning off natural gas in Tabasco**

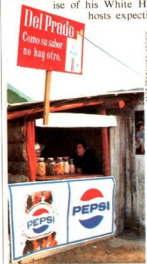
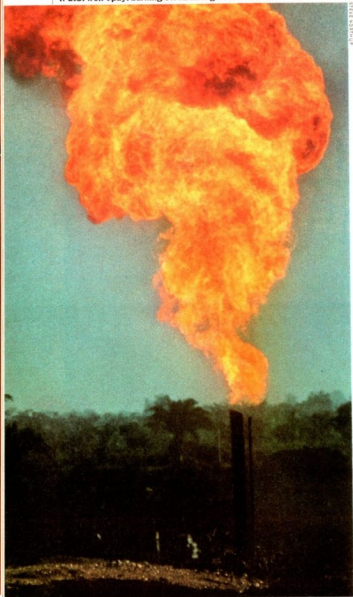
high-handed treatment of Mexican envoys (see following story). Then, to stem the northward flow of illegal immigrants (nearly 1 million last year), U.S. authorities proposed sealing off parts of the frontier with sharpened steel-mesh fencing. Mexican newspapers indignantly accused the U.S. of raising "the tortilla curtain."

This week, on St. Valentine's Day, Jimmy Carter flies to Mexico City for three days of heart-to-heart talks with López Portillo as a long overdue step toward making good the promise of his White House toast. Carter will find his hosts expecting to be treated with far more respect than U.S. Presidents have generally shown in the past. "This time," said the conservative daily *Novedades* in an editorial, "Jimmy Carter and José López Portillo meet as equals, and Mexico will be looking for signs that the U.S. recognizes this fact."

Mexico's touchy new self-confidence stems from the fact that for the first time in history, the poor relation has something that its wealthy uncle needs badly: a large and dependable supply of oil and gas. Two weeks ago, the Congressional Research Service reported that Mexico's energy supplies rival those beneath the sands of Saudi Arabia. Mexico has proven reserves of 40 billion bbl. and estimated potential reserves of 200 billion bbl. By comparison, Saudi Arabia has known reserves of 166 billion bbl. If the U.S. could eventually shift its oil dependence closer to home and away from the volatile Arabian Gulf that now satisfies about a third of U.S. imports, the country's security would be greatly strengthened. But other nations also are beginning to court the new Mexico. Japanese technicians have been exploring, Brazil is negotiating, and France's President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing comes calling later this month.

The basic purpose of Carter's trip is to overcome years of bitterness and persuade the Mexicans that the U.S. is not only their best customer but also their best friend. His itinerary is very businesslike. After landing at Benito Juárez Airport and offering some good wishes in his Georgia-accented Spanish, Carter will go straight to the Mexican National Palace for the first of two private sessions with López Portillo. He will lunch with Mexican diplomats, consult with the U.S. embassy staff and address the Mexican Congress.

Carter expects to strike no major bargains with López Portillo. He hopes only to spur negotiations—on oil and natural gas, immigration and trade policies. Carter, says one adviser, "must restore a sense of mutual trust and cooperation. He's got to change the background music, get rid of the rancor and put the whole relationship back on a candid, open and honest basis." Even these limited goals will tax Carter's formidable skill as face-to-face negotiator and healer of hurt feelings, for the Mexicans believe, with considerable reason, that the U.S. has



**U.S. commerce is everywhere**



long treated them with a combination of arrogance alternating with indifference. "Poor Mexico," an old saying goes, "so distant from God, so close to the United States."

The historical roots of this resentment date to the Texas War of 1836 and the Mexican-American War of 1846-48, in which the U.S. forced Mexico to cede all its territory north of the Rio Grande. Then, early in this century, Americans' investments gained considerable control over the Mexican economy. Today, Mexico sells to the U.S. two-thirds of its \$5 billion in annual exports. From its northern neighbor, Mexico obtains 72% of its \$6.4 billion in foreign capital investment and many of its consumer goods. From the north, too, come the tourists, 3.7 million of them, spending about \$1 billion a year. Tourism is Mexico's biggest employer, but to many Mexicans, crowds of tourists with their cameras, sunglasses and bikinis are only another symbol of their own subservient status.

The special relationship with the U.S. has enabled Mexico to achieve one of the fastest growing economies in the Third World: its gross national product after several very bad years, is once again increasing by about 6% a year. But the majority of Mexicans live in bleak poverty; per capita income was \$1,070 a year in 1974, one-sixth of what it was in the U.S. Moreover, Mexico has one of the world's highest unemployment rates, up to half of its work force by some estimates.

Because of Mexico's alarming birth rate, its population grows



Village children in San Lorenzo: nearly half the population is under 14

by 3.2% a year. It has more than doubled, to 65 million, in less than a generation. By the year 2000, Mexico is expected to have more than 100 million citizens. The danger for the U.S. is that the giant on its southern border will explode in social upheaval. Most of the unemployed Mexicans are landless peasants, and they face a cruel choice: scratch out a bare living at home, migrate to urban slums or sneak across the border for low-paying jobs in the U.S.

Unexpectedly, there is at last the prospect of a solution. It is based on the huge underground sea of oil and gas that stretches north along the Gulf Coast from the swampy, humid jungle of Chiapas. Oil is now being pumped at a rate of 1.5 million bbl. per day. The annual income (\$8 billion by 1980) is being used to expand Mexico's petrochemical plants and to build up Mexico's other industries. Over the short term, however, Mexico's plans for economic development will require exporting more textiles and other manufactured products—and unemployed workers—to the U.S.

Progress seemed close at hand when Carter took office and pointedly made López Portillo his first state visitor. The U.S. President welcomed the meeting as an opportunity "to correct some of the long-standing economic problems of our two nations." Instead, under pressure from labor unions to stem illegal immigration, Carter and Congress beefed up border patrols and made employers of illegal aliens subject to



Cars and crowds jam street in downtown Mexico City

fines. The U.S. urged Mexico to crack down on drug smuggling, but then became dismayed when young Americans ended up in Mexican jails.

Worse, and more fundamental, was the Administration's handling of Mexico's plans to obtain \$2 billion a year in foreign exchange by exporting natural gas to the U.S. from the Reforma petroleum field near Cactus. Negotiations with six U.S. companies were almost complete and a 900-mile, \$1.5 billion pipeline was under construction when Schlesinger abruptly vetoed the deal because Mexico's price of \$2.60 per 1,000 cu. ft. was higher than the \$2.16 being charged by Canadian suppliers. López Portillo vowed to burn off the gas and leave the oil in the ground rather than sell it to the U.S. The pipeline was rerouted to the industrial city of Monterrey, and as a further gesture of defiance, the Mexicans decided to inaugurate the "gasduct" on March 18, the 41st anniversary of Mexico's nationalization of its oil fields.

The U.S. is, of course, the natural customer for Mexican oil and gas, and López Portillo knows that, but the issue is now tangled with national pride. In Mexico City last week, leftists were urging López Portillo not to back down during his talks with Carter. Advised Gastón García Cantú in the magazine *iSiempre!*: "The saddest destiny awaits those on whom the Americans bestow the dubious title 'Mister Amigo.'" Several thousand students demonstrated in Independence Plaza, carrying anti-Carter placards and chanting "¡Fuera

## Nation

*Carter!* (Carter out). Even moderate Mexicans believe that overly rapid development of the oil fields would lead to inflation, corruption, and waste of a precious natural resource.

In Washington last week, aides were giving Carter conflicting advice on how to handle the talks. The debate created an unusual amount of confusion. A delegation from the Mexican Foreign Ministry that was preparing for Carter's trip visited the State Department, the Immigration and Naturalization Service and the Department of Energy. Wherever the officials went, they got a different reading on Carter's intentions. They reported home that the U.S. "apparently has no clear or positive policy ready, either for Mexico or the rest of Spanish-speaking America." Indeed, some aides thought Carter's final decisions on several major matters might actually have to be made during the 4½-hour flight to Mexico City. Nonetheless, the broad outlines of what he will seek are known:

- A promise to keep the U.S. as Mexico's No. 1 foreign customer (the U.S. now buys 85% of Mexico's oil exports). Schlesinger estimates that by 1985 Mexican wells will be able to match Iran's pre-crisis output of 6 million bbl. per day. The

**U.S. agents arresting illegal Mexican immigrants at the border**



CIA is even more bullish. Its experts forecast that in ten years, Mexico could pump 10 million bbl. per day, which is slightly more than Saudi Arabia's current production. But López Portillo probably will not budge on Mexico's plans to increase production more slowly, to 2.25 million bbl. per day by 1980, including 1.1 million bbl. for export. (Present U.S. oil consumption per day is 18.7 million bbl.)

- Resumption of negotiations on the sale of natural gas to the U.S. López Portillo has already indicated to Ambassador Lucey that he wants to strike a bargain on gas if a way can be found without inflaming his political opposition. For the moment, however, Carter is expected to propose only a gentleman's agreement that Mexico promise to begin selling gas to the U.S. when demand outstrips domestic supplies, perhaps within a decade. The price would be negotiated in the future.

According to Mexican officials, López Portillo will tell Carter that he is willing to bargain on oil and gas, but only if the U.S. is willing to negotiate on two issues that matter most to Mexico:

- Liberalized immigration laws. Mexicans argue, with substantial statistical evidence, that most illegal aliens from Mexico take



**Tourists frolicking at the Princess Hotel in Acapulco**

*Their bikinis and cameras symbolize Mexico's subservience.*

low-paying jobs that are refused by U.S. workers, and they seldom settle permanently in the U.S. Further, Mexican authorities have long regarded illegal emigration as a social safety valve. But Carter is under pressure by labor leaders to strengthen immigration restrictions. At most he is expected to show a willingness to listen to the Mexican viewpoint and possibly modify somewhat the proposals on immigration that he will send to Congress this year.

- Lowered U.S. barriers to Mexican agricultural products and manufactured goods. Mexico already is the fourth largest U.S. trading partner and wants to sell even more to the north. U.S. restrictions on winter vegetables, which fluctuate according to domestic harvests, are a particular sore point. But any changes in U.S. trade policies would be opposed by U.S. unions and, in the case of winter vegetables, by farmers in California and the South. Moreover, U.S. businessmen would demand that Mexico reciprocate by lowering its trade barriers.

There are other topics on the Mexico City agenda: smuggling, fishing rights, narcotics and Carter's staple, human rights. But the President's three days in Mexico City will be basically an exercise in emotional diplomacy. After months of frustration over SALT, Iran and other foreign policy problems—including the last-ditch meeting of Egyptian and Israeli Foreign Ministers to be held at Camp David on Feb. 20—the President looks on Mexico as an area in which he can make headway. In fact his low-keyed, unimperial presidency may be exactly what is needed. As a top White House adviser said: "It's the one damn place where the U.S. may actually do something."

# The Man Who Offers Pain

*Secretary Schlesinger's abrasive tactics can cause trouble*

At the very center of the dispute over Mexico's vast oil and gas reserves is the autocratic and intellectual Energy Secretary James Schlesinger. TIME's Washington bureau chief Robert Ajemian talked to Schlesinger and others in the energy field about the controversy that keeps swirling around the Secretary. His report:

The man Jimmy Carter has grandly described as his most important appointment, James Rodney Schlesinger, has succeeded in alienating the whole Mexican government and jeopardizing negotiations with a country whose energy resources the U.S. will surely need. For those who have watched the onetime economics professor routinely offend the Congress, the oil and gas industry, consumers and even his own Department of Energy, that news is hardly a surprise. But this time Schlesinger may have gone too far. His loyal sponsor, the President, finds Schlesinger's public hard line toward the Mexicans a liability, and when the energy czar last month repeated his view that Mexico's price for natural gas was too high, Carter was furious. His aides swiftly dissociated the President from the Secretary's speech.

Schlesinger's running war with the Mexicans started in December, 1977 when Foreign Minister Santiago Roel and Petroleum Chief Diaz Serrano came to Washington to seek approval of an already negotiated deal between their government and U.S. pipeline companies for Mexican natural gas. The tentative agreement would have delivered 2 billion cu. ft. of gas per day to the U.S. at \$2.60 per thousand cu. ft. More important, the deal would have helped speed up the development of the Mexican oil industry. But Schlesinger dumbfounded his visitors by stating that the proposal was unacceptable: the Mexican price was too high, he said. When his callers asked if he had a counteroffer to make, Schlesinger gruffly said he had none.

The meeting collapsed. Outside the White House, the Mexicans told their U.S. escorts they had been treated extremely rudely. "For half an hour, he gave us a pompous lecture," one of them said. The talks lay dead for eight months while Schlesinger spent 45 hours a week on Capitol Hill, lobbying to get his riddled energy bill through the Congress.

Last fall Mexico's President José López Portillo tried to reopen the negotiations, dispatching ex-President Miguel Alemán to make contact with Schlesinger. Unable to meet the Secretary, Alemán went around him and spoke with White House aides. Schlesinger contends that he tried to keep the talks alive but that the Mexicans turned him down; the Mexicans vehemently say this is untrue.

For months the U.S. embassy in Mexico reported nervously that Schlesinger's

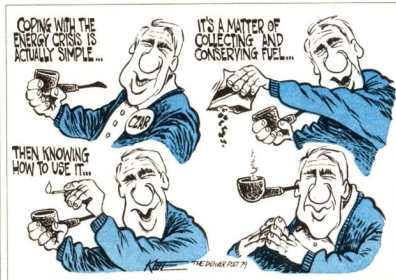
obstinacy was worsening the situation. Warned the embassy: "Because of the breakdown, the Mexicans have reversed their field completely on gas and oil development." The State Department and National Security Council were both anxious about Schlesinger's inflexibility and told the President so. Nonetheless, Schlesinger held to his bargaining position that the Mexican price would be unfair to U.S. and Canadian producers. That view was disputed by many, but the chief criticism of Schlesinger was that his approach was aloof and arrogant.

Here was an extraordinary spectacle: one highly intelligent man operating at the pleasure of the President and disrupting sensitive nation-to-nation negotia-

tions. Yet Schlesinger remained in charge, and now the burden was on the President himself to patch things up and move ahead with the Mexicans. The discord contrasted sharply with Carter's desire to project an image of consistency and competence within his own Administration. Then last week Schlesinger set off still another tempest: his pessimistic warning that the present curtailment of oil from Iran is prospectively more serious than the 1973 Middle East embargo sent a shock wave through the stock and gold markets and drew an immediate challenge from Treasury Secretary Michael Blumenthal (see BUSINESS).

Schlesinger, 50, has long had problems of this sort. Before Jerry Ford took over the presidency, he doubted that he could work with Schlesinger, who was then the Defense Secretary. Schlesinger at the same time told friends he thought Ford was a lightweight. One day Schlesinger sat in the Oval Office and carefully lectured the President about how House Appropriations Chairman George Mahon must be dealt with on the defense budget. Ford, who considered himself the master tactician on the Hill, where he had worked with Mahon for 25 years, was appalled at this condescension. He soon fired Schlesinger.

It was that kind of Schlesinger approach that weighed down the 18-month struggle to pass the energy bill. Unlike Ford, Carter had no expertise in the Capitol: as an engineer he especially valued Schlesinger's technical ability and his tough intelligence. Schlesinger was allowed to operate independently on the Hill, and before long the haughty technocrat was in real trouble. "There was no consultation," said a member of the White House political team, who recalls Schlesinger sitting in at the Capitol and stonily waving off compromises. "He has a contempt for the political process."



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## Nation

### The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

## The Flood Tides of History

istrator. Even Schlesinger concedes that he functions better in an established structure—like CIA or Defense—than in setting up a new organization.

He often intimidates his staff. Not long ago, he coldly dismissed an Assistant Secretary, a man whom he had talked into coming from California to join him, with barely a word. Stories about his superiority complex are numerous. "I saw him melt the stars off a four-star general, one at a time," remembers an aide with awe. The aide recalls something else: a Schlesinger mean streak that sometimes puts people into paralysis. One night a Schlesinger bodyguard noticed as he drove his boss to a formal dinner party that the Secretary had forgotten to put on his black bow tie. Even as Schlesinger walked in the door, the man considered calling him back, but he was just too scared to do so.

To paint Schlesinger as unrelievedly difficult is too harsh. His intimates say that to see him cross-legged on the floor, guitar in hand, singing his own self-mocking lyrics, is to know a different person. And there is no doubt about his capacity to analyze and understand the complex issues of energy; he is the match of any expert in the field. It is his ability to lead that is questioned.

Last week, sitting in his long, gold-carpeted office overlooking the Capitol, Schlesinger stoutly rejected criticism of his performance. He had his familiar rumpled look, shirttail out, socks limp over his ankles, but as he got up to stand by the window, his tall, flat body looked powerful. "It's convenient to make me the fall guy," he said sourly. Close friends say he is really bored now with his energy job and yearns for his past engagement in foreign affairs or national security. One of them called recently to talk about the price of gas, and all Schlesinger wanted to discuss was the Middle East. After being fired by Ford, Schlesinger became Ronald Reagan's principal foreign policy adviser for the six months before the 1976 convention. Reagan aides called him a couple of times a week, and Schlesinger asked only that his advice not be made public. When Reagan lost, Schlesinger, the nonideological pragmatist, moved easily to Carter.

Now the Secretary paced the room and talked about his work. "This is the toughest job I've ever had, a no-win job," he said. Schlesinger declared that no area of Government involved such a multitude of self-centered interests: "Every Congressman on the Hill has a gasoline station on some corner that he wants taken care of." Telling Americans to cut down on energy, he shrugged, is not easy. "I'm trying to sell an unpleasant future by offering pain today."

Perhaps it is Schlesinger's misfortune that the pain he offers—and the pain that Americans surely need—is too often made intolerable by the way he offers it. ■

There is a growing belief in this country and around the world that the U.S. is losing control of events and faltering in its role as the free world's leader. That is now a concern at least as grave as inflation. Even with the protesting farmers making trouble in Washington these past few days, and the biggest snowstorm in five years diverting the capital's attention, the debate about U.S. strength and resolve is emerging on almost every level.

Jimmy Carter called a secret meeting to try to get the State Department to quiet internal dissent about foreign policy. Secretary of Defense Harold Brown worried out loud on the Hill that the U.S. had no way to counter such surrogate Soviet forces as the Cubans in Africa. Chagrin hit the State Department when Chinese Vice Premier Teng Hsiao-p'ing, after his exuberant sojourn in the U.S., stopped in Tokyo on his way home and told the Japanese that America has shown indecision and "lacks direction" in handling the Iran crisis. Secretary of Energy James Schlesinger declared that the crisis could affect our oil supplies more severely than the embargo of 1973.



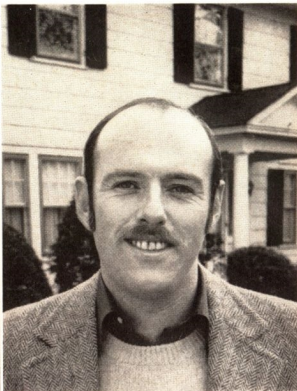
Republican Baker makes a point

At the Republican Tidewater Conference, hyperbole crept into the resolutions ("Decay of American influence and the decline of American military power"); but there was a fact of Government life underlying what Senator Howard Baker characterized as the abandonment of "traditional bipartisanship in foreign policy." As the likelihood of a bruising and even bloody debate over the SALT II treaty approaches, politicians and technicians in both parties who support the treaty by itself are now questioning SALT II because of perceived Soviet advances around the world, and the U.S. failure to counter them successfully. Former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, for one, believes this "geopolitical decline" now confronts us with the possibility of dangerous crisis by as early as 1980.

If those were only the isolated musings of a man out of power, it might not be important. But Georgia's own Democratic Senator Sam Nunn echoes the message. The world has moved, and Nunn believes the U.S. lacks "a SALT philosophy" in a time when events seem to be slipping out of our grasp. Republican Senator Charles McC. Mathias Jr. sat on one of his Maryland hillside as long ago as April and heard Pakistan's brilliant ambassador, Sahabzada Yaqub-Khan, prophesy chaos in Iran. The ambassador has gone to Moscow, after telling his friends that his government believes the Soviets to be the dominant world force now because the U.S. cannot be counted on to lead.

Most of those who express concern blame no single party or single President for the end of an era in which America was predominant. But it is now President Carter's job to deal with the situation. Washington's Senator Henry Jackson went down Pennsylvania Avenue a few days ago to talk with Carter and came away believing more than ever that the White House has little notion of how to orchestrate developments abroad. Illinois Senator Adlai Stevenson has called Carter "embarrassingly weak." Stevenson declared that he would like to see "the U.S. stand up to Russian imperialism, but not with irrelevant weapons systems and indigestible words about human rights." Stevenson feels that the U.S. could start by being more assertive in the use of its advanced technology, not only in the military but also in worldwide economic competition.

Perhaps, as many of Carter's advisers believe, the President has no other alternative than to adjust American response to "the new realities" of world power. That, however, is a difficult thought to assimilate in a nation so rich and capable. Worried about the national spirit, Author James Michener was in town a few days ago to urge further space exploration. He eloquently posed the longer concern that is now in our national dialogue: "There seem to be great tides which operate in the history of civilization, and nations are prudent if they estimate the force of those tides, their genesis and the extent to which they can be utilized. A nation which guesses wrong on all its estimates is apt to be in serious trouble if not on the brink of decline." A serious thought—but we are heading into a serious year.



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■ Inventory all your possessions and take photos of each room to document what you have.

<sup>1</sup> Source: U.S. Dept. of Labor    <sup>2</sup> Cost does not include land. Source: U.S. Dept. of Commerce

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John Rutledge (center) approaching George Washington during first Constitutional Convention in Philadelphia in 1787

## Shades of the Founding Fathers

*The drive for a new Constitutional Convention*

*Wanted: statesmanlike figure bearing close resemblance to James Madison (or someone who at least has read him) to direct possible second Constitutional Convention devoted to balancing budget and perhaps other matters. No Keynesians need apply. Address: Box 1787, c/o U.S. Congress.*

The ad has not yet been placed, and the convention has not yet been called, but much of official Washington is beginning to be afraid that it might be. Since the one and only Constitutional Convention of 1787, there has rarely been such a determined effort to convene another. Altogether 27 state legislatures have voted to call a convention to approve an amendment requiring a balanced federal budget. The National Taxpayers Union,\* which is leading the drive, estimates that the necessary 34 states will be reached by summer.

The issue has already been injected into 1980 presidential politics. Staking out political ground to the right of Jimmy Carter, California Governor Jerry Brown has supported the movement for a convention. Over the indignant opposition of many fellow Democrats in his state, he has arranged for speaking engagements around the country to promote the convention.

The prospect of a Constitutional Convention is unnerving for most members of Congress. They fear they will be moving into a constitutional no man's land uncharted by the founding fathers. Article V of the Constitution simply provides that a convention will be called when two-thirds of the state legislatures petition Congress for one. Any amendments

adopted by the convention must be ratified by three-quarters of the states before taking effect. There is no evading the clarity of the text. As Alexander Hamilton wrote in Federalist Paper No. 85, "The words of the article are peremptory. Congress shall call a convention. Nothing in this particular is left to the discretion of that body."

Congress, however, must attend to all the not-so-trivial details of such a convention. How will the delegates be chosen? Will the states have equal representation, as in the U.S. Senate, or will their votes be weighted according to population? How long can the convention go on? Above all, must it stick to the issue for which it was called, or is it free to consider other matters as well? The convention can certainly be restricted, declares U.S. Attorney General Griffin Bell. "Limits can be set," he says. "Congress has a duty to do so." Paul Freund of the Harvard Law School agrees: "Since the Constitution is silent on details, the details become a political question. Since Congress issues the call, it can define the jurisdiction of the convention."

Others are not so sure. They cite the example of the first Constitutional Convention, which was called to amend the Articles of Confederation and ended up forming a completely new government. Barber Conable, a conservative Republican Congressman from upstate New York, warns against "constitutional Russian roulette." Such a convention, says Constitutional Scholar Raoul Berger, would be "the town meeting of town meetings." Inevitably, he feels, delegates would press for such causes as making affirmative action mandatory, outlawing abortion, banning school busing, reducing the power of the judiciary. Says Howard Jarvis, apostle of California Proposition 13

but no fan of the convention route to achieve his goals: "A convention would give every crackpot a chance to write the supreme law of the land."

As some liberals contemplate this approaching forum, they fantasize a runaway mob repealing the entire Bill of Rights. Others are less anxious about such a possibility. Says Jerry Brown: "The idea that the American people want to junk the Bill of Rights is absurd. I think the American people believe in the Bill of Rights, and they also believe in a balanced budget. The idea that all the giants lived in the 18th century shows the same lack of confidence that is troubling this country in other respects." Senate Minority Leader Howard Baker is also unperturbed. A Constitutional Convention, he feels, would "limit itself. I have a fundamental confidence in the people who would attend."

Many conservatives and liberals alike doubt the wisdom of requiring an annual balanced federal budget. In a period of recession, they argue, a deficit may be necessary to stimulate the faltering economy. Says Senate Majority Leader Robert Byrd: "At the very time when flexibility is needed to deal with serious economic fluctuations, an absolute requirement to balance the budget would tie the hands of Congress."

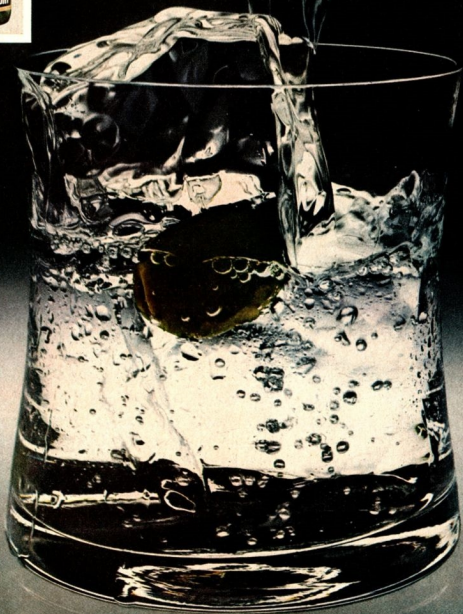
Conservatives fear that the Government would be tempted to balance the budget by raising taxes rather than cutting spending. Many of them favor an amendment proposed by, among others, Economist Milton Friedman. Instead of a flat requirement that the budget be balanced, Friedman urges limiting any increase in annual spending to the amount of growth in the gross national product; if the rate of inflation exceeded 3%, however, the spending increase would be trimmed. In times of emergency a two-thirds vote of Congress could authorize additional outlays. "In a sense, the Government has always balanced its budget,"

\*Founded in 1969, the union is a nonpartisan group of more than 100,000 members who fight for less government spending and lower taxes.





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## Nation

says Friedman, "if not by what we call taxes, then by the hidden tax of inflation." Alan Greenspan, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers under President Ford, agrees. There is no way of writing an amendment to ensure a balanced budget, he believes. The complexities are insuperable. He favors an amendment that would require all money bills to be passed by a two-thirds vote in both Houses of Congress, instead of the present simple majority.

A balanced budget is traditional Republican Party doctrine, but the G.O.P. is split on the issue. At a meeting of party officeholders last week in Easton, Md., a constitutional amendment to balance the budget was rejected in favor of one to limit spending. Supporting the balanced-budget amendment were such presidential aspirants as Ronald Reagan, Howard Baker, Robert Dole and John Connally. Baker favors a proposal to require a balanced budget unless overruled by a two-thirds vote of both houses. "This formula," he says, "satisfies the principal concerns about a balanced budget by permitting enough flexibility for Congress to approve a deficit in time of economic or military emergency."

Other leading Republicans, including National Party Chairman Bill Brock and House Minority Leader John Rhodes, were opposed. Said Rhodes, who objects to any kind of amendment involving fiscal policy: "I don't like constitutional gimmickry. If the American people want a balanced budget, they should elect a Republican Congress." Rhodes echoes other authorities who believe that the Constitution should not be encumbered with specific policies that can be settled by the normal political process. But the House minority leader was challenged by Congressman Bud Shuster, chairman of the House Republican Policy Committee. Pointing out that 103 of the 159 House Republicans had sponsored some kind of constitutional amendment to achieve a balanced budget, Shuster said of Rhodes: "I think he is wrong. He is obviously speaking for himself and not for a majority of Republicans." Dole warned that if the Republicans do not soon reach a consensus on the subject, they may forfeit the issue to the Democrats. "I'm concerned that this be a Republican issue," said Dole. "But we're about to lose it."

About 65 versions of a budget-balancing amendment have been introduced in Congress. Within a month, the Judiciary Committee in each house will begin hearings with a lengthy list of economists and lawyers, most of whom will warn of the enormous complexities in convening a Constitutional Convention, or in drafting an amendment to balance the budget. Says House Judiciary Committee Chairman Peter Rodino: "I would hope that the people in the states would pause, knowing that a responsible



### Senator Birch Bayh



### Economist Friedman



### House Leader Rhodes



### Senator Robert Dole

committee of Congress is looking at the matter." Delaying tactics have already begun, Senator Birch Bayh, chairman of the subcommittee on the Constitution, claims that only 16 of the 27 states voting for a Constitutional Convention have submitted valid petitions. In the case of the other states, he contends, petitions have not been received or have been improperly filed.

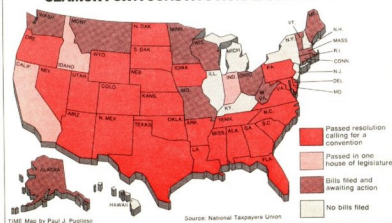
Judging by past attempts to call a convention, Congress feels it is justified in reacting slowly. Of three major efforts by the states this century to amend the Constitution by convention, one succeeded in forcing Congress to act; the other two eventually collapsed. At first, Congress resisted petitions from the states for a convention to require the direct election of U.S. Senators, who were then chosen by the state legislatures. But by 1912 enough petitions had arrived to persuade

Congress to yield to public pressure and approve the 17th Amendment, providing for the popular election of Senators. A quarter of a century later, a movement began to put a 25% ceiling in the federal income tax rate in peacetime. Because of confusion over petitions, it was never clear exactly how many states had voted for the resolution, so Congress procrastinated until support waned for what was called by its foes the "millionaire's amendment." In 1964 the U.S. Supreme Court's one-man, one-vote ruling provoked an almost one-man crusade by Illinois Republican Sen. Charles McNichols to overturn a decision by constitutional amendment. Five years later only one additional state was needed to call a convention, and Wisconsin became the battleground. The amendment was rejected by the Wisconsin legislature, and the movement died out.

Congress cannot count on the current drive subsiding any time soon. Even if Congress manages to block the budget-balancing amendment, the demand for cost cutting will continue. As Jarvis says, "The people don't want a convention. They want tax reduction." In the end Congress will have to take some action to appease public opinion. The whole Constitutional Convention movement would not have started in the first place if Congress and the Carter Administration had been more responsive to the public outcry for tax relief during a time of rapidly rising inflation. Congress has all the power it needs to curb spending; all it may lack is the will and the courage.

Realists to the core, the framers of the Constitution knew that there would be times when even the best of governments would resist the will of the people it claims to serve. The effect of Article V is that without actually being used, it can pressure Congress to make the kind of change that is desired by a substantial majority of the American people. ■

## CLAMOR FOR A CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION



## Nation

### In the Trail of Teng

*Tough questions after a whirlwind visit*

**N**o one knows how this American-Chinese venture will end." So remarked the Soviet press agency Tass last week in the wake of Chinese Vice Premier Teng Hsiao-ping's nine-day whirlwind tour of the U.S. The Tass observation was certainly valid. The Chinese leader's candor and expansive personality had charmed the American public, and most of the visit's achievements were on that psychological level. But few concrete answers emerged to some of the tough questions raised by Jimmy Carter's policy of normalizing relations with Peking. The trickiest issue involves the impact

SALT II. And even as Teng was on his way home, White House Science Adviser Frank Press was arriving in Moscow. There Press emphasized that the U.S.-Chinese agreements on science and technology contained nothing that was not already available to the U.S.S.R. Press also signed an accord setting next year's agenda for the seven-year-old U.S.-U.S.S.R. Joint Commission on Science and Technology. The two nations will work on projects dealing with meteorology, water resources and microbiology.

Also worrisome to the Administration is the mounting tension on the China-Viet

line very clearly [that it] will not tolerate the use of force to suffocate Taiwan." He and a number of his colleagues want to enact legislation giving Taiwan substantial security guarantees. Deputy Secretary of State Warren Christopher has warned that Carter will veto any resolution "incompatible with the basic underlying notion of normalization." At week's end, however, Carter stressed that "if we feel that Taiwan is unnecessarily endangered... there is certainly nothing to prevent a future President or Congress from going to war, if they choose, to protect the people of Taiwan."

Meanwhile, normalization is continuing. The Foreign Relations Committee last week approved Leonard Woodcock's nomination as the first U.S. ambassador to Communist China. Later this month Treasury Secretary Michael Blumenthal heads for Peking to negotiate the basic accords that will pave the way for extensive U.S.-Chinese economic and commercial exchanges. And possibly this year Carter will repay Teng's visit. The Chinese leader has promised "a warm welcome and reception."

### Deadly Crusade

*The exposure of CIA agents*

**L**ife in Iran has become increasingly perilous for Americans; some have been attacked and two killed. Not only have Washington's close ties to the Shah been violently denounced by followers of Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini, but Radio Moscow's Farsi-language broadcasts have fueled anti-Americanism by accusing the U.S. of instigating "the dangers facing the Iranian people." Now for nine Americans in Iran, the danger is more deadly; they have been named as CIA agents in *Counter-Spy* magazine.

Started in Washington by an anti-Viet Nam War group, *Counter-Spy* has made a crusade of exposing CIA agents abroad. Among them was Richard Welch, the agency's Athens station chief, who after being identified was shot to death in 1975 outside his home.

It is not just that the magazine might give valuable information to opponents of the U.S. Most CIA operatives have probably already been pinpointed by the Soviet KGB and other spy agencies. But publicity makes it difficult for these or other CIA agents to maintain valuable contacts with businessmen, scholars, journalists and other sources. As serious is the possibility of the magazine's incorrectly identifying an agent. Said one senior CIA official: "Whether or not the people they mention are with the agency, they've done these people great harm." Added CIA Director Stansfield Turner: "I also wonder where they get their money. It would help if those who worry about CIA activities would direct the same attention to those who work so hard to tear us apart."



normalization may have on U.S.-Soviet relations. Although Teng repeatedly used the U.S. as a forum to invoke the specter of Soviet "hegemony," Administration experts believe that Moscow was not too seriously upset. Teng apparently took care to say nothing that the Russians had not already heard from him. Said one State Department analyst: "Teng had it figured just about right; he knew what would play and what wouldn't." As a result, Moscow only mildly rebuked the U.S. Charged *Pravda* (inaccurately): "No one [in America] objected to the malicious anti-Soviet insinuations." Soviet Premier Aleksei Kosygin added his own complaint that Washington had not "refuted" Teng's "outrageous" statements. A more substantial Soviet reaction to Teng's visit could yet come, perhaps in a speech by Kremlin Chief Leonid Brezhnev.

The Administration has been taking great pains to demonstrate its evenhandedness in dealing with Moscow and Peking. Example: as Teng went barnstorming through four U.S. cities, American and Soviet diplomats in Geneva continued negotiating what may be the final details of

Nam border. Peking has massed about 150,000 troops and 200 planes near the frontier. Last week, in the first such message since normalization, Washington publicly declared that it would be "seriously concerned" over any Chinese attack on Viet Nam. Teng has warned that Hanoi should be "punished" for invading Cambodia and toppling the Pol Pot regime, which was backed by China. The Administration fears that any Chinese punishment could provoke retaliation from the Soviet Union, which last year signed a friendship treaty with Hanoi. Indeed, the U.S.S.R. has already begun assembling a naval task force of about a dozen warships off Viet Nam's coast.

Another question unanswered by Teng's visit: Taiwan's future. Teng repeatedly balked at pledging that Peking would not use force to regain Taiwan. While the Administration claims to be satisfied that Peking will only seek unification peacefully, many lawmakers are not so sure. At Senate Foreign Relations Committee hearings last week, New York Republican Jacob Javits said it was absolutely necessary for the U.S. "to lay it on the



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A confrontation it was not: Mrs. Carter and Kennedy before Senate hearing

## A Carter and a Kennedy Agree

More for mental health

**T**he stage setting portended a momentous congressional hearing. Television lights cast their surreal glare on squads of reporters and photographers. Spectators lined up outside, hoping for a seat in the crammed Senate committee room. The star witness read from a long typed statement in a soft hesitant voice. Each of the six Senators present seemed to want to get in a few words, and three had had their statements copied and distributed in advance. The subject of all this high drama: mental health.

Why all the fuss over a subject that does not normally raise such passion? Rosalynn Carter, as honorary chairwoman of the President's Commission on Mental Health, was appearing before Senator Edward Kennedy's Subcommittee on Health and Scientific Research. Washington tingled at the prospect. Not since Eleanor Roosevelt testified in 1945 about local affairs in the District of Columbia had a President's wife appeared before a congressional committee.

Rosalynn, who has been interested in mental health since her days as First Lady of Georgia, was disappointed that so little attention had been paid to the report of her commission last April. Among its 117 recommendations were improvement of care for the chronically mentally ill, incentive funds for states that develop community services and money for research into mental health problems.

Ted Kennedy met his witness in his private office, escorted her personally to the hearing table and adroitly placed himself in a situation where the wife of the President joined him in proclaiming the need for increased spending for social services. Budget-minded Jimmy Carter

could only grin and bear it. But Rosalynn got in a political punch of her own. Alluding to the battle between Kennedy and her husband over national health, she said: "While I'm not here today to discuss the pros and cons of various national health insurance proposals—although I understand such a discussion is shaping up—the commission came out firmly for the inclusion of mental health care under any national health insurance plan."

Mrs. Carter even outdid the Senator in calling for new spending by taking issue with his assertion that there had been impressive gains in the amount allocated for mental health research. Taking inflation into account, she pointed out, research spending has declined in the past decade. But Kennedy got in the last word. He promised to study Rosalynn's recommendations carefully and, echoing one of Jimmy Carter's pet campaign phrases, added: "To quote a great American, 'You can depend on it.'"

## War Casualty

Verdict for a troubled vet

**"T**he gooks are everywhere, the gooks are here! Kill them! Kill them!" With this terrible bellow, Viet Nam Veteran John R. Coughlin, 33, began firing his sawed-off shotgun at the Quincy, Mass., police station from the veterans' section of the town cemetery only 100 feet away. Police quickly ringed the thrice-decorated ex-Marine at a safe distance, but, recognizing they were dealing with a crazed man, held their fire. Imaginatively, the police shouted back and forth with their own improvised military jargon: "A Company is located over there. B Company has been pulled back. C Company will move in." They pleaded with him to surrender. Perplexed, Coughlin, who had been high on drugs and alcohol the previous day, stood up and shouted, "Kill me!

Kill me! I will not give up my weapon." He fired his shotgun into the air and ran. Finally, he smashed the gun against the cemetery gate before being subdued.

That was last May. Last week, in a potentially precedent-setting development, Norfolk County Assistant District Attorney Gerald Kirby, who was representing the state, boldly asked that the charge against Coughlin eventually be dropped. Kirby accepted a state medical diagnosis that Coughlin was suffering at the time of the incident from "traumatic war neurosis" and thus could not be held criminally responsible for his action. Kirby and the judge agreed that the charge of owning a sawed-off shotgun would be dismissed after two years, provided Coughlin behaved and continued to respond to the drug abuse treatment that commenced soon after his arrest.

Viet Nam veterans in the past have used their wartime neuroses to upgrade their discharges from dishonorable to honorable. But the Coughlin case now demonstrates that in a criminal proceeding, the psychological disorders specifically attributable to Viet Nam combat experience can result in the dismissal of charges. This move could have far-reaching effects.

After fighting a draining and divisive war that many neither understood nor supported, Viet Nam veterans returned to the U.S. to face public neglect or, worse, characterization as criminals by antiwar protesters. Viet Nam veterans have higher rates of suicide, divorce and mental breakdown than the population at large. Many became drug addicts in Viet Nam, and unemployment among veterans has been high.

The Coughlin case is a recognition of all that. Prosecutor Kirby notes a "truly remarkable change" in Coughlin. Last June he was "very haggard, confused, worn out"; last week he was "alert, even jovial at times."

Kirby himself had some strong thoughts about war neurosis: "If the damn thing is there," he said, "let's admit it, not tag it with 'cowardice' or put it in the closet and pretend it doesn't exist."



Ex-Marine John R. Coughlin at his home

"The gooks are everywhere!"

# Key West: The Last Resort

*Storm over development at land's end*

*What they're trying to do is starve you Conchs out of here so they can burn down the shacks and put up apartments and make this a tourist town. That's what I hear.*

—Ernest Hemingway, *To Have and Have Not*

The old-time natives of Key West—such as Harry Morgan, Hemingway's one-armed rumrunner, who was played by Humphrey Bogart in the movie—are known as Conchs, after the crusty mollusks that abound off that southernmost Florida island. Like Morgan, they are given to drinking in seedy bars, fishing in the Gulf Stream and insulting tourists. Nowadays the tide of tourism is enough to make the Harry Morgans pull up anchor and put out to sea. The place known affectionately as "the Last Resort" is fashionable again.

Writers, literary groupies and celebrities are lured by the island's romantic image. Wrote Alice Turner in *New York* magazine: "Key West is our winter Hamptons, the place we go to continue the conversation we started at Elaine's." But the resort is more laid back than the Hamptons, less frantic than other resorts. Says Author Nancy Friday: "There is none of the relentless chic. There are no competitive lunch baskets from Bloomingdale's." Luminaries such as Tennessee Williams, Lillian Hellman, Stephen Spender, Calvin Klein, Kurt Vonnegut Jr., Ralph Ellison and Thomas McGuane can be found avoiding their typewriters or agents or both at the height of the season (Thanksgiving through Easter), when the population of 32,000 jumps to 45,000.

Hemingway bought a house in Key West in 1931 and lived there nine years. While he was away covering the Spanish Civil War, his second wife Pauline built a \$200,000 swimming pool in the garden fed by salt-water wells. Upon hearing the price, he took a penny from his pocket and had it embedded in the concrete, saying, "Here, you might as well have my last cent." Also in the yard is a birdbath made out of a urinal from nearby Sloppy Joe's bar. The story is that Hemingway deserved it because he had peed away a fortune in it.

Over the years, the Conchs of Key West have seen their island roller-coaster through a series of spectacular booms and busts. Organized development began in the 1830s and the lucrative business of salvaging wrecked ships soon made the town the wealthiest per capita in the U.S.

Key West's salad days, as Florida's largest (18,000 inhabitants) and wealthiest city, were just before the turn of the 20th century. It had the largest port in the Gulf of Mexico, its cigar industry employed 10,000 workers, and almost all of the country's sponges were caught by its fleet. Then came a spectacular decline. The U.S. naval station closed, the cigar industry was lured to Tampa, blight wiped out the sponge beds, the city went bankrupt, and a 1935 hurricane ruined the railway from the mainland. Except for a momentary revival during World War II,



Ernest Hemingway's home, now a museum

"Here, you might as well have my last cent."

when the naval station became important again, and in 1962, when troops rushed down during the Cuban missile crisis, the island languished as little more than a haven for those latter-day rumrunners, the drug traders.

Then, starting in 1974, development began and tourism took hold. Affluent Northerners, attracted by the 77 average temperatures and the quaintness of the island, with its Spanish and Bahamian roots, bought up and restored many of the Conch-style cottages and rambling homes in the Old Town section. Prices there tripled in three years. The shops along drowsy and all-but-derelict Duval Street were renovated and transformed; the old Kress dime store became Fast Buck Freddie's, a trendy shoppe. Five hundred new hotel and motel units were

built, with 450 more plus a convention center on the drawing board.

The new mélange of life-styles is best viewed in the kaleidoscope of scenes each evening at sunset. Many Northern tourists stroll from the boutiques and galleries of renovated Duval Street to the Mallory Square dock to soak up the impromptu theater—jugglers, bands, ventriloquists, and an iguana man who lets children pet the iguanas he walks on a leash. As the sun disappears below the horizon, the crowd applauds. Tourists now outnumber the youths and leftover hippies who founded sunset watching on the dock as a communal mystical experience a decade ago. The easy movers are now more likely to spend the twilight hours at Captain Tony's bar, where Tony Tarracino holds court for his hirsute flock. The more elite swig Key lime daiquiris on the deck of the Beach Club bar at the nearby Pier House hotel. Down the street, at the Monster, the classy gay hang-out, purple-shirted young men drink amid the rooftop's tropical foliage.

Such a potpourri is exciting and profitable, but many of the old Conchs, used to ups and downs, see storm clouds looming. They fear Key West will lose the fragile character that has made it a mecca for both the offbeat and affluent. Already, the growth has strained the island's police, fire, street and sanitation services, and caused a low- and middle-income housing crisis, accompanied by a large tax hike, that has forced many workers off the island. Last year there were frequent power shortages and sewer-pipe breaks. How well the island weathers the impending storm will depend on whether it can grow while preserving its unique and eccentric flavor, and whether it can maintain its tenuous balance between seediness and wealth.

The more jaded Conchs, who have their afternoon beers and whiskies at the Tide's Inn, think the battle is already lost. They are selling their suddenly fashionable homesteads at the inflated prices and moving out. Grips retired Fisherman C.B. McHugh: "The silence is gone. There's nothing left but damned strangers." Local Aristocrat David Wolkowsky, who recently sold his Pier House hotel to New Orleans investors for \$4.6 million (but kept his 1926 Rolls-Royce), is concerned but a bit more optimistic: "The future is secure as long as we keep this place as a getaway. If the funkiness goes, everything goes." Those opposed to further fast growth lost a big battle last week when voters in all of the Keys, which stretch 100 miles into the gulf from Florida's southern tip, overwhelmingly approved a new \$42 million water pipeline from the mainland that





Celebrating the sunset on the Mallory Square dock



The beach in front of the Pier House hotel



COURTESY OF THE PIER HOUSE

some warned would open the floodgates of growth.

The movement against growth has led to violence, often aimed at the influx of homosexuals. A local newspaper ad placed by a Baptist minister last month called for vigilantes to take action against "female impersonators and queers." Victims of recent violence include a man beaten with a pipe as he used a phone booth, a jogger almost run down by a car, a local museum director shot and killed, a restaurant owner beaten unconscious, and Authors Tennessee Williams and Dotson Rader, who were mugged. Two of those arrested were sons of prominent local families.

Chamber of Commerce President Tim Miller is one who sees Key West's 1.2 million visitors as a boon rather than a burden. Says he: "Our destiny lies with a steady growth in tourism." The big battle among the three busi-

ness forces—those favoring limited growth, increased tourism and light industry—will be over the use of 100 acres of the old naval station that will be transferred to city control within a year. It includes the island's best stretch of beach and has the potential for a fine deep-water harbor. A portion, including Harry Truman's old winter White House, will be preserved as a park and historical site, but most of the naval-station property will be leased or sold to developers.

Key West's isolation is probably its true salvation. The community is united against wholesale expansion of the narrow U.S. 1 from the mainland, and building costs are very high. Most Conchs, as well as most of the tourists who love the island, seem convinced that the storms may indeed come, the booms may bust, but in the end Key West will still retain its flavor as the Last Resort. ■



Above: Tennessee Williams at the Pier House and a pelican atop a charter boat's catch. Below: Storm clouds looming over the harbor



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# Americana

## Prisoner of Conscience

When he was called last month to testify before a Cincinnati grand jury investigating a prison escape, the Rev. Maurice McCrackin refused to appear. He was a key witness because he had been kidnapped and held hostage by two convicts who had broken out of the Lucasville, Ohio, penitentiary.

McCrackin did more than refuse to show. To protest conditions in the prison, he ignored a subpoena, made a squad of five policemen carry him physically to jail, and began a hunger strike that lasted three weeks and forced his transfer to a hospital for intravenous feeding.

The minister's resistance has produced one of those classic confrontations between conscience and the forces of law and order. Although the prosecutors are embarrassed by McCrackin's acts, they have argued in court that simply to release him would "destroy the foundation and value of giving a judge authority to compel testimony."

McCrackin, 73, is a pacifist with a long history of civil disobedience. He was jailed in the early 1960s for civil rights activities, and fasted in prison for 25 days. Protesting the use of tax money to buy weapons, he refused to pay income taxes; he was convicted in 1958 for nonpayment and subsequently expelled from the Presbyterian Church, which had ordained him in 1935.

Asks McCrackin: "How can I go and testify against a prisoner on behalf of the state when it is the state that is responsible for the vast injustice, degradation and horror that is Lucasville?" But with the grand jury stalled by McCrackin's steadfastness, the kidnappers are still in Lucasville—and they are likely to stay there for quite a while.

## Cracker Deal

In the 1960s, emergency supplies of food, toilet paper, medicines and sodium bicarbonate were stashed in more than 10,000 subterranean fallout shelters throughout New York City to support the survivors of nuclear combat with the Soviet Union. That was, of course, quite reassuring to the people of New York.

Also included in the estimated \$30 million worth of supplies was a kind of supernutritious cracker that had a shelf life of about five years. Inspections revealed that the crackers had become unfit for human consumption. Partly for this reason, the city decided to dispose of the survival rations and agreed to pay Edward Barniak, an upstate farmer, \$1 a ton to haul them away. Barniak should do rather well on the deal, since he gets the



medicines and other supplies, as well as 7,000 tons of crackers. Even they have a use. After being ground up, they are fed to his cattle, which so far have suffered no ill effects. Barniak's biggest problem is finding all the shelters. Not even city officials know where some of them are.

## Comic Splits

In the first panel, Carmen Singleton picks up the phone. "How nice of you to call, Mother." In the second panel, she is outraged: "What do you mean it was all my fault, I wasn't good enough for him, and if he had any sense he would have left me years ago!" Then she realizes her mistake. "Oh," says Carmen, "it's his mother."

Carmen is, of course, recently divorced. She is also the female lead in a new comic strip that now appears in 15 newspapers. The nation's first comic strip about divorce, *Splitsville* tries—and most-

ly succeeds—to laugh at the ridiculous, sad and foolish foibles of couples that can't live together.

Where do creators Frank Baginski and Reynolds Dodson get their ideas? Real life, obviously. Dodson has been divorced twice and has four children. Baginski is living with a divorced woman and her two children.

## Cocaine Options

The trading is always fast and furious on the floor of the Chicago Board Options Exchange, where high-rolling speculators invest in options to buy securities at a set price for a certain length of time.

Last week agents of the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration, who had been watching the action carefully for more than a year, disclosed that something more than securities was being traded. They arrested five brokers, four clerks and three other financial professionals for selling cocaine at the same time they were working on the exchange floor.

The trendy, expensive drug (about \$1,500 per oz. wholesale) is said to both heighten the senses and relax the user. That might have been useful in the intense atmosphere of the trading floor. A senior DEA official doubts that profits from the coke sales were being used by the traders to cover their losses on the risky market. Millions are made and lost each day on the exchange, but Board President William M. Smith assured investors that their money was in no greater jeopardy than usual. Said he: "Only a small number of individuals are involved."

## Seeing the Light

Perhaps it was the hell-fire surroundings of the old Roanoke, Va., jail, but for some time now, at the rate of six or eight a year, prisoners there have been seeing "the light" and asking to be baptized. Prison officials were not averse to such rehabilitation. They obligingly took the converts from prison to a nearby church, where the rites were performed.

The trips, however, presented something of a security risk. So when he designed a brand-new \$6 million jail for Roanoke, Architect John Marfleet included a baptistry. "We conferred many, many times with the councilmen and the jail study committee to see what religious purposes should be incorporated," says Marfleet, who believes that contemporary jails should try to anticipate every human need.

Sheriff Alvin Hudson agrees with Marfleet that the baptistry is a good idea and points out that "it's not a fancy one." There is no carved marble, just stainless steel, but the baptistry is large enough to accommodate total-immersion christenings, and it cost the taxpayers a mere \$1,200. Says Hudson: "Nobody has complained. Some think it's funny, though."



## World

IRAN

# A Government Collapses

*Aftermath of a conflict that looked like the start of civil war*

**P**erhaps the biggest danger facing Iran, after the stern Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini returned from exile, was a direct confrontation between army units loyal to Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi and civilian supporters of the Ayatullah. Last week it happened. Elite troops of the imperial guard, summoned to put down a rebellion by air force cadets, ran into a wall of armed civilians. Fighting continued, sporadically but bitterly, through the weekend, and Iran seemed to be staggering toward the brink of civil war. By Sunday more than 200 people had died. At that point, the supreme army command announced its neutrality in the country's political dispute and ordered the troops back to their barracks. Support by the military was the only thing propping up the regime of embattled Prime Minister Shahpour Bakhtiari. He had no choice except to resign, thereby clearing the way for Khomeini to transform Iran into an Islamic republic. The Ayatullah issued a statement claiming that "victory is near."

The fighting broke out at the Doshan Tappeh air force base in eastern Tehran; it was provoked by a skirmish between airmen supporting Khomeini and others loyal to the government. The Khomeini contingent was reinforced by thousands of civilians who rushed to the area, in what appeared to be a preplanned move. Joining them later were 8,000 leftists of the "Saihhak Marxist Group," which takes its name from a Caspian village seized by the Communists 14 years ago. As the crowds swirled into the area, leaders with bullhorns announced that men with military experience could pick up weapons at a nearby garage. Later, others broke into the base's armory and carried away its weapons.

The pro-Shah airmen at the base were no match for this force. The crowds quickly set up guard posts at the base gates and prepared for a counterattack. While men filled sandbags and gathered material for barricades, women wrapped in black *chadors* set about making Molotov cocktails. Although heavily armed Chinook helicopters cruised overhead all day long, no soldiers appeared through the haze from burning tires and garbage that covered the area.

Shortly after midnight, crack units of the Javidan guards, which had taken up positions along the road leading to the base, moved forward. As the fighting intensified and the gunfire became almost



**Dissident airmen and demonstrators, waving weapons, ride tank captured from Iranian troops**  
*Militant Marxist forces may be stronger than observers had thought.*

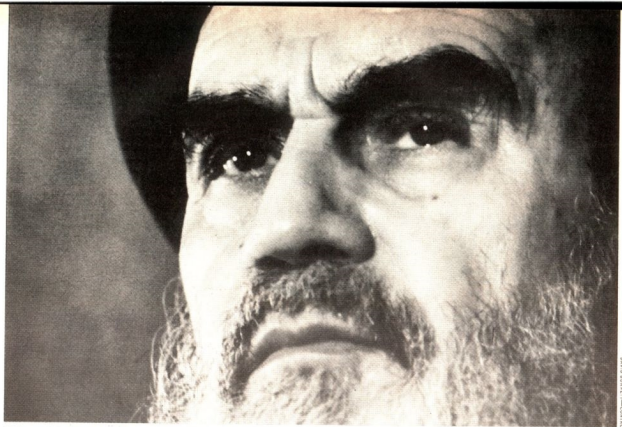
constant, private cars were commandeered to take the dead and dying to hospitals. One victim was Los Angeles Times Correspondent Joe Alex Morris Jr., 51, a veteran Middle East reporter, who was fatally shot in the chest by a bullet while watching the battle.

By morning the Iranian guards were in control of most of Doshan Tappeh, although scattered firing continued. Some 70 U.S. military and civilian technicians assigned to the training base, who had been trapped there by the fighting, were airlifted to safety by Iranian helicopters. The U.S. embassy, meanwhile, warned the 7,000 Americans still in Iran to remain indoors. Even though a 4:30 p.m. curfew was put in effect, many pro-Khomeini fighters ignored it to mount scattered attacks on Tehran police stations; the sound of machine-gun fire could be heard in all parts of the city. Residents of the capital, wise by now in the ways of survival, lined up at gasoline stations to fill their automobile tanks before the stations shut down once more.

The bloody round of fighting between soldiers and armed civilians introduced two troubling new factors into Iran's political situation. One factor was that militant Marxist forces—notably the long outlawed Communist (Tudeh) Party—may be stronger than outside observers had thought. The other was the possibility that Khomeini was not in total control of a revolution that until then he had orchestrated with considerable skill. The Ayatullah had not issued any calls to arms; indeed, many mullahs at the scene of the fighting pleaded that it was not time for armed revolution. Sound trucks, reportedly supplied by Khomeini, toured the area near the airbase urging demonstrators to go home; the loudspeakers were drowned out by the sound of battle and the klaxons of ambulances.

The army's Sunday announcement that it supported "the wishes of the people" presumably meant that it was prepared to live with Mehdi Bazargan, 71, a human rights activist and devout Mus-





The resolute look of Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini, the spiritual and political leader of the revolution in Iran

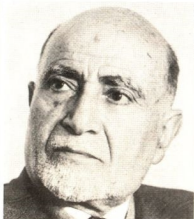
lim whom Khomeini last week chose as Prime Minister of his provisional government. An engineer by training, Bazargan is widely respected in Iran for his long record of opposition to the Shah; his friendship with Bakhtiar dates back to the early '50s, when both men served in the government of the late Mohammed Mossadegh, who was eventually ousted in a CIA-inspired coup. The day before the Doshan Tappeh confrontation, more than a million people paraded through the Tehran plaza that has been renamed Freedom Square chanting a new revolutionary slogan, "*Dorood Bar Khomeini! Salaam Bar Bazargan!*" (Hail to Khomeini! Greetings to Bazargan!)

Later, in a speech before 100,000 people at Tehran University, Bazargan called on his old friend Bakhtiar to step down, and announced a six-point program for a transfer of power. It would begin with a yes-no referendum on the creation of an Islamic republic and lead in stages to the turnover of governmental responsibility to Bazargan. Significantly, he stopped short of naming members of his Cabinet, an action that might have forced an immediate showdown with Bakhtiar.

Bazargan, whom one Tehran newspaper called "a political mullah without a turban," also tried to defuse the army. Blaming "sadistic" elements in the military for perpetrating violence "unheard of since Genghis Khan," he last week implored the armed forces to recognize that their oaths to the Shah had been overtaken by events. "The mandate to the

Shah did not come from God," he argued, "but from the people, and the people have taken it back." He warned that the military faced "the revenge of God" if it did not abandon Bakhtiar's government.

The Prime Minister's only support was from the military—and even that proved to be illusory. In Isfahan and other Iranian cities, Khomeini supporters occupied municipal offices. Bazargan, however, made no move to seize any ministries in Tehran—not that there was much to seize. The majority of government employees had declared their rejection of Bakhtiar's regime, and even some staff members in his own office went on strike.



Provisional Prime Minister Bazargan

*Engaged in a risky game of chicken.*

Deputies in the Majlis (lower house of parliament) continued to submit their resignations. One description of Bakhtiar's government: "Little more than a telephone." On Sunday crowds sacked and burned his office.

The maneuvering between the rival Prime Ministers, commented one Western observer last week, was "a risky game of chicken." Bazargan and Khomeini, who set up headquarters at a girls' school in Tehran, obviously hoped to isolate Bakhtiar and force his resignation. Until the army announced its neutrality, Bakhtiar had insisted that any transfer of power be done in accordance with the 1906 constitution, which had become something of a symbol of order to the military. The collapse of the Prime Minister's government, however, made that issue academic.

Aware that the U.S. role in supporting the Shah remains a sensitive issue to Khomeini's supporters, the Administration last week was adopting a more conciliatory posture. President Carter abruptly recalled General Robert Huyser from Tehran. Huyser, the deputy commander of U.S. forces in Europe, had been sent to Iran a month ago to dissuade the country's military leaders from attempting a coup. Antigovernment forces accused Huyser of plotting to push the army into power and place the Shah back on the Peacock Throne.

Carter called two special sessions with top foreign policy advisers and insisted that they curtail any substantive comment on Iran policy. One official who did speak

## World

out was Andy Young, the ambassador to the United Nations; he predicted that "Khomeini will be somewhat of a saint when we get over the panic." Said Presidential Aide Jody Powell when asked about the remark: "The U.S. Government is not in the canonization business."

Reported TIME Correspondent William Drozdiak from Washington: "The Carter crackdown reflected a fear that any policy dissonance would further prejudice U.S. interests in Iran and the Persian Gulf region at large. Despite Carter's open endorsement of the Bakhtiari regime last month, U.S. officials were quietly pleased by Khomeini's choice of Bazargan as transitional Prime Minister. He is viewed by Washington as a patient, conciliatory figure who can get the oilfields pumping again and possibly harness the disparate opposition forces as well as the nervous pro-Shah elements within the military leadership. State Department specialists who have contacted Bazargan find him amenable to the notion of friendly relations with the U.S."

Washington has no illusions that the days of Iran as a client state are finished. Bazargan and his colleagues, says one American official who has just returned from Iran, "are looking for indications of American support toward a more neutral posture of open trade



Newly minted coin honoring Khomeini

relations but without military patronage."

The prevailing view in Washington, as one Administration policymaker put it, was that "there's little we can do at this stage." The judgment is undoubtedly correct, but the seeming inability of the U.S. to influence events in Iran could have a serious impact on Washington's relations with other states in the Middle East's crescent of crisis. Ever since Mos-

cow moved to make Ethiopia its chief client on the Horn of Africa, the Saudis have complained about the waning of U.S. influence in the area. Says a State Department analyst: "The Saudis are taking a hard look now at their relations with Washington. They seem more worried than ever that a republic like the U.S. does not really have a terribly deep commitment to protecting monarchies."

To bolster the confidence of such apprehensive allies, Defense Secretary Harold Brown left last week on a ten-day tour of the Middle East. Among other matters, he would like to seal arrangements with Saudi Arabia to provide \$200 million in military aid to buttress North Yemen against any possible incursions from the pro-Moscow regime in South Yemen. The U.S. also hopes to elicit a reaffirmation of continued Saudi financial aid for Egypt. In addition, the Administration is focusing on ways to enhance U.S. ties with Riyadh. Any tangible decline in U.S.-Saudi relations might force Egyptian President Anwar Sadat to adopt a tougher stance in peace treaty negotiations with Israel. "What's happened in Iran," admits a State Department official, "has forced us to examine a lot of unseen forces that bubbled below the surface in the Middle East." ■

## SAVAK: "Like the CIA"

**T**he 5,000-member Iranian secret police force SAVAK (a contraction of the Farsi words for security and information organization) has long been Iran's most hated and feared institution. With virtually unlimited powers to arrest and interrogate, SAVAK has tortured and murdered thousands of the Shah's opponents. Last week, in fulfillment of a promise made by Prime Minister Shahpour Bakhtiari, the assembly approved a bill abolishing SAVAK and establishing a new National Intelligence Center, without police powers. The No. 2 man in SAVAK agreed to an unprecedented interview with TIME Correspondent David S. Jackson at the organization's heavily guarded, marble-decorated fortress headquarters in north Tehran. The official stipulated that his name could not be disclosed. His views offer a revealing insight into the thinking of an efficient and dreaded intelligence agency. Excerpts:

**On Iran's revolution:** During the past few years, there have been dissident factions among several ranks of our society. Internal and external elements have intensified this dissatisfaction for their own gains. To succeed, they used the people's belief in religion. But inside these events, if you carefully study them, you will find leftists. It is obvious that the religious leaders have no capability to rule Iran's economy, politics or the social affairs of the country. So, after the hand of the religious leaders is used to topple the regime, it will be cut off and an entirely new regime will be set up. We have already seen the blueprint of this plan in our neighbor, Afghanistan.

**On charges against SAVAK:** We do admit there have been some mistakes in the past. But they have been distorted. It is said that SAVAK has been brutal. If SAVAK receives information about a terrorist group, and we go to arrest this group, do

you think they will not resist? Of course they will. Resistance brings violence, and you should expect a similar response from our side. We're like the CIA. If we have ten activities and nine of them are successful, only the failure gets worldwide attention. You never hear the good things we do. Some people think that to improve the country they need a scapegoat. For them, SAVAK is the scapegoat.

**On political prisoners:** In January, demonstrators paraded a man who was blind and had lost his arms. They said SAVAK did this to him, and they called him a hero. In fact, he was a terrorist who lost his sight and was maimed when a bomb he was making exploded. If SAVAK had been responsible for his injuries, we could easily have got rid of him. We would not have let him live as a document of torture.

**On SAVAK's future:** Those of us who have reached retirement age will be retired. Those who are not needed or who have bad records will be let go. Others will be transferred to other organizations or to the Prime Minister's office. Some will go to the new National Intelligence Center. It will be worse for the younger agents. They have not been working long enough to prove themselves; yet they are blamed in all the bad publicity, and they can do nothing about it. Now they will lose their salaries. Many of us will have problems making ends meet, and that includes me.

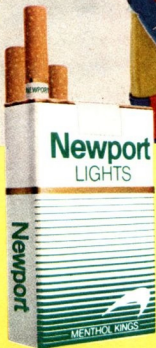
**On Prime Minister Bakhtiari:** He has obtained his position legally. We are working for the position he holds, not for the person who holds it. What will happen to Bakhtiari, we don't know.

**On a possible army coup:** Why should there be one? The army has orders from the Shah to support the government. Any coup would have repercussions that would not be beneficial to the country. The commanders know this.

**On a possible return of the Shah:** You'd better ask him. We have made an oath to him as our commander and to our constitution, and we will remain loyal to both.

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Lights**



***Newport pleasure comes  
to low-tar menthols***

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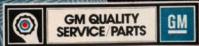
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Yet in this age when legends lived, the Czar stood like a giant among men.

He could bend an iron bar on his bare knee. Crush a silver ruble with his fist. He had a thirst for life like no other man alive.

And his drink was the toast of St. Petersburg. Genuine Vodka.

Life has changed since the days of the Czar. Yet, Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka is still made here to the same supreme standards which elevated it to special appointment to his Majesty the Czar and the Imperial Romanov Court.

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## World

MIDDLE EAST

### A Time Bomb for Israel

*Charges of torture and rising West Bank tensions*

In an effort to get the stalled Middle East peace talks moving again, the U.S. last week asked both Egypt and Israel to send representatives to a Camp David summit with Secretary of State Cyrus Vance. Chances are that both sides will accept, but on Jerusalem's part not without a certain amount of rancor. Reason: in an annual report to Congress on the state of human rights around the world, Vance's State Department alluded guardedly to reports of "systematic" mistreatment of Arab security suspects from the occupied West Bank and Gaza. Although the department declined to endorse the charges, it concluded that "the accumulation of reports, some from credible sources, makes it appear that instances of mistreatment have occurred." Israeli officials vehemently denied the accusations.

Israel in the past has conceded that isolated instances of brutality against Palestinian prisoners have happened. The government has also insisted that the maltreatment was against its policy, and that the culprits were punished. What riled Jerusalem this time were leaked reports, first published in the *Washington Post*, indicating that cables from a former U.S. consular official in Jerusalem went well beyond the carefully hedged assertions of the State Department report.

The officer in question was Alexandra U. Johnson, 32. An Arabist who had studied in Beirut and Tunis, she was assigned to the Jerusalem consulate two years ago as part of her six-year probationary training period. From interviews with Palestinians seeking visas, Johnson compiled a list of 29 incidents involving such tortures as "refrigeration, use of electricity, hanging by the hands or feet, extreme forms of sexual sadism, interrogation accompanied by starvation, enforced sleeplessness." Details were cabled to Washington last May and November by the consulate, which functions independently of the U.S. embassy in Tel Aviv.\*

At the State Department, Johnson's charges were read with considerable interest and alarm, but her conclusions of patterns of torture and systematic abuse were rejected as unproven. Meanwhile, in a breach of diplomatic courtesy, Israel's secret service, Shin Bet, with the approval of the FBI liaison office at the American embassy, put Johnson under surveillance and tapped her telephone. Relayed to Washington were Shin Bet reports that she was intimately involved with Palestin-

ian terrorists, both politically and personally. Following her tour in Jerusalem, she was denied tenure in the foreign service. In Washington last week, she accused the State Department of firing her because of her cables from the consulate.

The timing of the human-rights report was unfortunate. The controversial *Washington Post* disclosures came at a time of renewed tension on the West Bank. Two weeks ago, in a calculated act of reprisal against the families of suspected terrorists, bulldozers of the Israeli army moved into West Bank villages at dawn and crushed four Arab homes to rubble.

Arab reaction was swift and defiant. In the West Bank towns of Ramallah and Halhul, students stoned Israeli soldiers;



Alexandra Johnson and Palestinian prisoners in courtyard of West Bank prison

Despite bulldozers and sealed houses, anger and defiance seep over "Green Line."

the soldiers retaliated with arrests and beatings. Near the village of Sinjil, Arab youths stoned Jewish settlers belonging to the religious nationalist *Gush Emunim* (group of the faithful). The angry Jews invaded the Arab school in Sinjil, seized the principal and marched him to their settlement for "questioning." In the midst of this unrest, the Israeli government established a new "outpost"—the forerunner of a civilian settlement—at Nuema, northeast of Jericho. The settlement will be the 51st on the West Bank, where some 5,000 Jews are now living among 692,000 increasingly hostile Palestinians.

The tension has begun to seep across the "Green Line" (the pre-1967 western border of the West Bank) into Israel itself, where 575,000 Arabs live as Israeli

citizens. More and more, the Israeli Arabs are complaining openly of being second-class citizens and protesting government seizures of their land for Jewish settlements. In Nazareth last week municipal workers were on strike demanding fiscal equality with Jewish communities. Arab Nazareth, with 45,000 residents, received \$4.5 million last year while upper Nazareth, populated by 18,000 Jews, was allotted \$8 million.

Arab students in Israeli universities, calling themselves the Progressive Nationalist Movement, last month published a statement in favor of the Palestine Liberation Organization and against the "Zionist entity." At Haifa University, firebrand American Rabbi Meir Kahane called the Israeli Arabs "a time bomb in the Jewish state." Right-wing Jewish students then circulated petitions demanding the expulsion of all Arabs from Israeli universities.

Many Israeli Jews are conscientiously



\*The U.S., like 26 other nations, has maintained its embassy in Tel Aviv since 1948, because it does not consider Israel to have clear title to Jerusalem as a capital. To avoid political complications, the embassy deals with Israeli matters, the smaller Jerusalem consulate deals with Arabs.



## World

### THAILAND

## Warning from a Friend

*China's Teng is not the only leader worrying about Viet Nam*

Just one day after China's Vice Premier Teng Hsiao-p'ing ended his visit to the U.S., another Asian leader arrived at the White House last week to warn Jimmy Carter that an expansionist, Soviet-backed Viet Nam threatens peace and stability in Southeast Asia. The new visitor was Premier Kriangsak Chomanan of Thailand, whose country has good reason to feel beleaguered.

Until recently, both Laos and Cambodia served as buffer states that separated the Thais from their ancient enemies, the Vietnamese. Now Laos is firmly under Hanoi's direction, and Cambodia is embroiled in warfare between an invading Vietnamese army and resisting Khmer Rouge forces. Both Laos and Cambodia are providing sanctuary for thousands of Thai Communist insurgents, who roam almost at random over several provinces in northern and northeastern Thailand.

Kriangsak came to Washington looking for some kind of U.S. support that might dissuade Hanoi's military strategists from viewing Thailand as ultimately just another domino. The Premier seemed to be satisfied by Carter's assurance that the U.S. was "deeply committed to the integrity and the freedom and the security of Thailand." As a token of that commitment, the President plans to ask Congress to approve transfer to Thai ownership of \$11.3 million worth of U.S. ammunition stored in Thailand since the Viet Nam War. Carter Administration officials quietly promised Kriangsak that they would speed up delivery of F-5E fighter-bombers and other modern arms already ordered by Thailand. They have indicated that the Administration will ask Congress early this spring to raise the level of arms sales to Thailand to \$50 million a year from the currently planned \$30 million.

No matter how much the U.S. increases its arms shipments, Thailand would still be hopelessly outclassed on the battlefield in all-out war. The well-equipped Vietnamese outnumber Thailand's 141,000-man army by a ratio of more than 4 to 1. And Viet Nam's battle-hardened forces are in a class apart from the Thai soldiers, who are led by officers generally more interested in politics and moneymaking than fighting. As nearly as anyone can recall, the Thai army



Premier Kriangsak

has not fully mobilized for a war since 1810.

A major confrontation between the two countries is unlikely as long as Khmer Rouge guerrillas loyal to ousted Cambodian Premier Pol Pot continue fighting. After the invading Vietnamese succeeded last month in installing a pro-Hanoi regime in Phnom-Penh, it soon found itself tied down by guerrilla resistance in the Cambodian countryside.

China is helping keep that resistance alive, Teng revealed during his visit, by resupplying the Khmer Rouge insurgents through Thailand. Kriangsak last week skirted questions about the Chinese action as "speculation." Thailand, however, probably could not stop the resupply effort even if it wanted to. U.S. intelligence believes that Chinese boats are landing supplies on Thailand's southeastern coast for easy transshipment across a sliver of Thai territory to Cambodia.

The long-term danger facing Thailand is that Hanoi will consolidate its hold on Cambodia and then turn its attention to bullying and beguiling Bangkok into a posture of subservient neutralism. By controlling Thai Communist sanctuaries in Laos and Cambodia, Hanoi could turn guerrilla infiltration of Thailand on and off at will, depending on how cooperative Bangkok was prepared to be. Thailand would find it impossible to seal its porous 1,400-mile frontier with Laos and Cambodia. Nor could Thailand threaten retaliatory attacks on the guerrilla sanctuaries as long as those havens were



protected by superior Vietnamese forces.

Kriangsak has made extensive efforts to woo Hanoi. When Vietnamese Premier Pham Van Dong visited Bangkok last September, Kriangsak, an accomplished cook, made a spicy *tam yam* soup, of chilies, fish sauce and shrimp, while the two men chewed over political problems. Last month Kriangsak personally intervened to prevent the five-nation Association of Southeast Asian Nations (ASEAN) from specifically naming Viet Nam in the organization's condemnation of "foreign intervention" in Cambodia. Some of Thailand's friends believe that Kriangsak has gone altogether too far in trying to appease Hanoi. Says a Malaysian diplomat tartly: "The problem with Thailand is that it has no foreign policy. It's fine to bend with the wind, but who's to know how far it will go?"

Kriangsak may be indecisive in his conduct of foreign policy, but his domestic record, for the most part, is impressive. Since taking power in a bloodless coup 15 months ago, the pipe-smoking former army general has abolished martial law, lured rebellious students back from the jungle, and promised to hold elections this April. Unlike many Thai politicians, Kriangsak, 61, is considered personally honest. Perhaps his greatest shortcoming has been a failure to tackle the endemic corruption that corrodes Thai society and creates fertile ground for the Communists. In the long run, that may prove to be a more devastating problem for Kriangsak and Thailand than the Vietnamese.

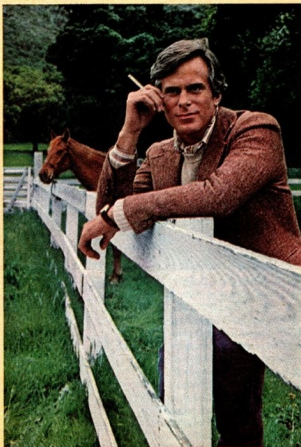


Khmer Rouge soldier at hospital camp inside Thailand

*A disquieting reminder that an enemy army is just next door.*



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Like many people you may recently have switched to a lower tar cigarette, with milder flavor.

But as your tastes have changed, you may have found yourself reaching for a cigarette even lower in tar. An ultra-low tar alternative that satisfies your new tastes in smoking.

Then the decision is Now.

Now has only 2 mg. tar. And bear this in mind: today's Now has the most satisfying taste in any cigarette so low in tar.



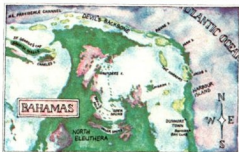
**Only 2 mg tar. Significantly lower than 98% of all cigarettes sold.**

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER, MENTHOL: 2 mg. "tar", .2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



## Devil's Backbone Reef hides the world's strangest shipwreck... and a case of Canadian Club.



Since Columbus first came ashore here, sailing men have been littering the Bahamas' blue waters with shipwrecks. Some carried treasure, some crowned heads. But the strangest of all carried a train.

### Hell for ships, heaven for divers.

The train lies off Eleuthera's northern tip, scattered on Devil's Backbone Reef. At least six wrecks are strewn here: a

diver's paradise, we thought, and a perfect place to hide a case of C.C.

We headed for Romora Bay Club on Harbour Island. The club could provide us a launch and guides to explore the reef. Nearby Dunmore Town could offer Bahamian entertainment, complete with Canadian Club. But no one could provide us with a reliable story of how or when the train had sunk on the reef.

### A barracuda stands watch.

During our first dive, our guide pointed to a silver shadow above. Five feet long, half of that jaws, the menacing presence was a barracuda. Keeping a respectful distance, our search for a hiding place fanned out from the train wreck. We combed Devil's Backbone until we found a devilish hiding place

for our watertight case of Canadian Club. Seek groupers, and bring muscles.

To raise the C.C., you'll need scuba gear, guts and muscle: it weighs 200



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pounds. Start where a "dinner boat" went down on Devil's Backbone. Follow a channel across the reef to an old Ward Line steamer wreck (try this only in bright sunlight or you'll lose your boat). Take a bearing from its bow. Not more than 200 yards along, where the reef slopes into deep water and a big Nassau grouper lives, we sunk that

heavily weighted, watertight case of Canadian Club. You can see exactly where it lies in the picture above.

May your seas for the search be as smooth as our whisky. Note: nonswimmers may discover their own Canadian Club adventure at bars or package stores by just saying "C.C., please."

**Canadian Club**  
"The Best In The House"® is even better in the Bahamas.



# Three reasons why Ford Fairmont became the best-selling new car ever introduced.\*

## Most room for the money of any car or wagon.

Based on EPA volume index and sticker prices.



## Unsurpassed mid-size MPG (with automatic transmission).

EPA estimated MPG: 20. California MPG is lower and diesels are excluded. For comparison to other cars. Your mileage may differ, depending on speed, weather and trip length.



## Lowest sticker price of any mid-size car.

Fairmont base sticker prices start at \$3,770. The 2-door sedan shown is \$3,941 excluding title, taxes and destination charges.



See your Ford Dealer for a test drive now. **FORD FAIRMONT**

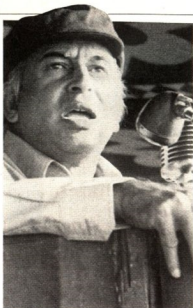


\*Based on sales of new car nameplates in the first 12 months.

FORD DIVISION



## World



Ex-Prime Minister Zulfikar Ali Bhutto

### PAKISTAN

## One Grave for Two Men

*The Supreme Court approves a death sentence*

**W**ith weary patience, the seven justices of Pakistan's Supreme Court have been primarily engaged since last May in hearing Zulfikar Ali Bhutto's appeal against his death sentence. Last week, in a narrow 4-to-3 verdict, the justices confirmed the sentence imposed on the former Prime Minister by the Lahore high court for ordering the 1974 assassination of a political enemy by the feared Federal Security Force.

The judges divided mainly over the credibility and motives of Masood Mahmood, former chief of the now disbanded F.S.F., who had turned state's evidence. But the court also split along ominous lines for a country torn by regional rivalries. The three dissenting judges who voted to free Bhutto came from his native province of Sind and two provinces bordering troubled Afghanistan and Iran. The four judges in the majority are from Punjab, where middle-class revulsion against Bhutto's autocratic rule was strongest.

A message by Bhutto, smuggled out of prison before the Supreme Court ruling, warned that "my sons will not be my sons if they do not drink the blood of those who shed my blood." In fact, popular reaction to the verdict was muted, and is likely to remain so as long as hundreds of Bhutto district leaders and party officials remain under arrest and barred from organizing demonstrations. Appeals for commuta-

tion of the sentence came from President Carter, British Prime Minister James Callaghan, Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev and Pope John Paul II. Another petitioner was Premier Bülent Ecevit of Turkey, the only country in modern times to have handed its own Prime Minister by judicial process.\* Ecevit refused Bhutto asylum if his life was spared.

Although couched in humanitarian terms, most foreign appeals seemed motivated by concern for Pakistan's stability. Since the country was carved out of British India as a Muslim "land of the pure" 32 years ago, Pakistan has had three constitutions and suffered through three military coups, plus repeated doses of martial law. In July 1977 General Mohammed Zia ul-Haq, the army Chief of Staff, seized power after aggrieved mulahs and members of the middle class took to the streets to protest Bhutto's political corruption. Zia has moved cautiously to cleanse politics and restructure the nation's criminal and financial codes along Islamic lines.

Before Bhutto goes to the gallows, his lawyers can ask the Supreme Court to review the case for possible legal errors. The family of the former Prime Minister may also appeal to Zia for executive clemency. Domestic political considerations are likely to weigh more heavily than foreign opinion as Zia makes his final decision on whether or not to apply a stiff dose of Islamic justice and carry out his threat to "hang the blighter."

Political wits have devised a succinct bit of gallows humor in Urdu: *Ek qabr, do admi*—one grave, two men. No one in Pakistan needs a translation. By hanging Bhutto, Zia could also be digging his own political grave. Many of the country's feuding politicians want Zia to bear the brunt of dispatching Bhutto, an act that would drastically hurt the President's chances of influencing national elections due later this year. Also eager for the double funeral are several ambitious generals who despise Bhutto and would not give Zia a second chance if civilians once again fail to provide Pakistan with a stable, legitimate government. ■

### YUGOSLAVIA

## Music Lovers

*Rumors about wife No. 4*

**W**as it the marriage of the year or a crude political hoax? Belgrade was buzzing with rumors last week after stories appeared in the Western press reporting that Yugoslav President Josip Broz Tito, 86, had married Gertrude Minutic, an opera singer 51 years his junior. According to the unconfirmed reports, which

\*Ousted in a military coup in 1960, former Prime Minister Adnan Menderes was found guilty of corruption and misuse of public funds. He was sentenced to death by a court consisting of both civilian and military judges.

surfaced while Tito was on a "mission of peace to the Middle East," he had taken his fourth bride after divorcing his estranged wife Jovanka, 54. A Yugoslav government spokesman angrily dismissed the stories as a "dirty trick" perpetrated by Tito's political opponents abroad.

Well-placed Yugoslavs were putting out two variations on the wedding-march theme. According to one version, Tito has "definitely" divorced Jovanka after 26 years of marriage. In disgrace for the past two years, she has been given a modest flat in Belgrade and a pension befitting a major in the Yugoslav army, the rank she held in Tito's World War II partisan forces. Meanwhile, Tito was smitten with Minutic, a Junoesque blond with a faint resemblance to Actress Anita Ekberg, after seeing her perform last summer. A "serious relationship exists," say the sources, but no marriage has taken place.

**A** second version has it that Tito and Jovanka are still living as husband and wife in the presidential residence in Belgrade. Though the pair have quarreled, Tito is said to be furious at the tales linking him with Minutic. The singer has frequently been seen in Tito's entourage, but she is actually the girlfriend of one of the President's security guards, according to the alternative story.

Whatever the truth, the principals were coolly going about their business last week. The tireless Tito visited Iraq, Syria and Jordan, while Minutic was singing *La Traviata* in Skopje, the capital of Macedonia. Minutic's father, when reached at his home in Dalmatia, denied the gossip about his daughter's romance. "The only thing they have in common," he said, "is their love for good music." ■



Tito and Jovanka at his 85th birthday fete  
*Variations on a theme.*

## Economy & Business

# Double Jeopardy In Iran

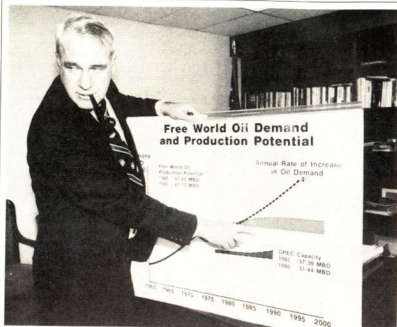
*Now the orders are drying up like the oil*

**F**rom the start, Iran's turmoil has threatened real double-trouble for the U.S. and the world's other industrial nations. Until as recently as last December, the country was both a major source of oil—second in importance only to Saudi Arabia—and a businessman's bonanza, with a powerful appetite for arms, machinery, factories, cars, computers and countless other products from the West and Japan. Last week the extent of the double jeopardy became startlingly clear.

First came an announcement by the U.S. Defense Department that upwards of \$7 billion in military sales contracts with Iran had been canceled by mutual agreement as a result of the continuing strife in the country and spreading Iranian hostility to U.S. weapons sales. The disclosure, which affects some of the nation's largest defense suppliers, including General Dynamics, McDonnell Douglas, Boeing, Litton Industries and Textron's Bell Helicopter division, was shock enough. But even as businessmen wondered if additional deals were about to collapse, Energy Secretary James Schlesinger brought up an even gloomier subject: the increasing chances for an outright oil shortage. He warned of the looming squeeze in some of the scariest terms yet used by any Administration official. He told a Senate committee that the six-week-old Iranian oil shutdown could turn out to be "prospectively more serious" than the five-month Arab oil embargo of 1973-74 because it could last much longer.

Together, the developments pitched Wall Street into a funk, pushed the dollar into another slide on the money markets, after more than two months of relative stability, and sent gold leaping to a record \$254 an ounce in Europe.

So sharp were the financial reverberations set off by Schlesinger's rather overwrought vision of a coming energy crunch that the Administration felt obliged to send forth Treasury Secretary W. Michael Blumenthal in the dollar's defense. Before a Senate committee, he cited Schlesinger's remarks about



**Energy Secretary Schlesinger holding forth on the petroleum outlook in Washington**  
Some scary talk of "serious" shortages, and stocks and the dollar go tumbling.

oil and said that this was "clearly the type of thing that causes people to run for gold." (Aides later maintained that Blumenthal had not been commenting on what Schlesinger had said, but on the Iranian situation itself.) Blumenthal forcefully reiterated that the Administration remains committed to maintaining stable market conditions for the dollar. Currency traders took this as a sign that the U.S. was prepared to intervene massively in the money markets to prevent a dollar rout, and the slide stopped, though the greenback still closed out the week lower than it began it. In fact, the Schlesinger-Blumenthal performance accomplished little ex-

cept to underscore the trouble that the Administration is having in saying or doing anything effective to deal with the Iranian oil problem.

Schlesinger's aides, seeking to fend off criticism that their boss had overplayed the perils posed by the Iranian oil shut-off, quickly sought to explain that the Secretary was trying to promote "prudence, not panic." Indeed, the Iranian situation is already having a significant adverse effect on oil supplies. Since late December, lost Iranian production has been causing

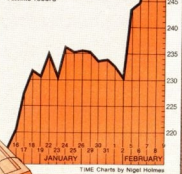
a worldwide petroleum shortfall of approximately 2.5 million bbl. a day. That is almost exactly the same amount that was lost during the 1973 Arab embargo, and oil companies are being forced to dip ever deeper into their inventories to make up for it. Last week Texaco, Shell and British Petroleum announced delivery cutbacks to their worldwide customers because of the supply pinch. In the U.S., current stockpiles amount to a 70-day supply for crude. Said Schlesinger to the Senate committee: "As we reach 60 days, one should get quite nervous."

President Carter, for all his apparent concern about not exaggerating the gravity of the situation, took some symbolic steps intended to raise public awareness of the need to conserve oil. He issued a directive to all federal agency chiefs, suggesting that they lower the heat in federal buildings, restrict the use of Government vehicles, and suspend "energy-intensive research activities," though

### GOLD PEAK

Price per ounce in London, daily highs

\*Alltime record



TIME Charts by Nigel Holmes

Department of Energy officials confessed bewilderment at what such activities could be. At DOE, staffers hurried to put the finishing touches on a program of mandatory conservation measures that the Administration will send to Congress for approval later this month. The program is to begin in the spring if voluntary energy savings do not reduce consumption. Among the elements: weekend closings for gas stations, and Government-ordered lowering of thermostats of public buildings. Gasoline rationing remains a last resort.

In fact, the troubles in Iran would be bad enough even if the country's oilfields were pumping as hard as ever. The reason is the collapsing Iranian market for Western goods and technology, which was illustrated by last week's cancellation of military sales contracts. Until recently, Iran was one of the nation's most important Third World markets, with imports from the U.S. jumping from just \$769 million in 1973 to nearly \$3.7 billion last year.

At the least, the sales cutback will now make it more difficult—if not impossible—for the Administration to meet its already doubtful goal of chipping as much as \$8 billion off the U.S.'s record 1978 trade deficit of \$28.5 billion in the year

ahead. A continuing deficit of that magnitude means yet more dollars pouring out of the U.S., and that in turn is bound to lead to further wild gyrations in currency values during 1979. Warns Alan Greenspan, former economic adviser to President Ford: "The non-oil consequences of the turmoil in Iran are likely to be even more unexpected and difficult to reverse than are the oil-related problems."

Companies with non-defense-related activities in Iran are threatened with the loss of business more immediately. Since 1973, the U.S. has sold Iran upwards of \$11 billion in civilian goods, everything from 15,000 pregnant Wisconsin milch cows for the Iranian dairy industry to a complete telephone switching system by General Telephone and Electronics. Billions more in long-term contracts, covering such things as housing and highway construction and port development, remain still to be fulfilled by large corporations, including Ford and A.T. & T. Few if any civilian contracts have been canceled so far, and

businessmen hope that socially useful projects like housing, hospitals and schools will survive no matter who winds up in power. Even so, many companies do not seem to know what to do. Says a Commerce Department staffer in Washington: "We have hundreds of companies that are very worried about this. They keep phoning up and asking, 'How do we collect? What are we supposed to do?'" Complains an official for Levitt Industries, a New York builder that has contracted to build \$220 million in low-income housing for Iranian government workers: "Our whole project is in a state of limbo. All we have is a lot of signed papers."

European and Japanese companies are also feeling the squeeze. In fact, because the economies of Western Europe are smaller, slower growing and more export oriented than that of the U.S., a number of countries could be quite hard hit. West Germany's economy is only half as large as the U.S.'s, but the country's exports to Iran last year reached nearly \$3.4 billion, or almost as much as the U.S. figure.



Some casualties of the order cutbacks: Bell helicopters; Littton-built Spruance-class destroyers; radar-carrying Boeing plane



Now imperiled are deals for the future delivery of almost \$15

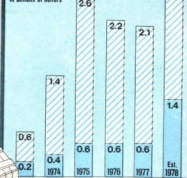
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Now imperiled are deals for the future delivery of almost \$15

itself. Reports that Abol Hassan Banisadr—said to be a leading candidate for Finance Minister in the regime that Ayatollah Khomeini wants to establish—plans to write off an undisclosed portion of Iran's foreign debt if chosen for the post, were hardly reassuring. Said a Citibank vice president bravely: "Whatever comes out of this will be a sensible decision. Someone will be there with a level head to deal with the debt situation." If so, he had better turn up soon.

#### EXPORTS TO IRAN

U.S. military and nonmilitary exports 1975-77. Figures for 1978 compared with other leading suppliers. In billions of dollars



1.0 FRANCE  
ITALY 1.4  
BRITAIN 1.4  
3.0 JAPAN  
3.4 WEST GERMANY

In combination, the arrangements assure that no defense supplier will suffer out-of-pocket losses as a result of the Ira-



## Economy & Business

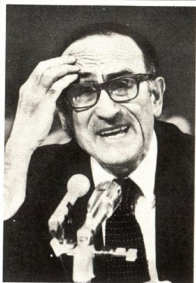
### Kahn Do?

Price shock spurs doubts

**F**or inflation-weary consumers, the news from the Labor Department last week hit like a blast of arctic air: the January Wholesale Price Index rose by 1.3%, or at an astonishing annual compounded rate of 16.8%. That was more than double the rate for all of 1978 and the biggest monthly jump in four years. The index, which usually foreshadows trends in retail prices, was lifted in part by the soaring cost of farm products, especially beef and veal, which rose 13% for the month. But finished goods like cars and appliances rose at an even steeper pace: 15.4%.

The big rise in non-food prices suggests that many manufacturers are betting that a period of vicious inflation leading to mandatory price controls lies ahead, and are kicking up prices before the controls are imposed. Feeding these inflationary expectations are the gloomy forecasts of a number of alarmist economists who have been blowing taps for President Carter's voluntary Stage Two wage-price restraints almost from the moment they were announced last fall.

As if to prove that Stage Two is still very much alive, the White House inflation fighter, Alfred Kahn, has been busy talking up the program. Last week he called on shoppers to boycott retailers who could not explain stiff price increases. He also reported that so far 207 of the 500 largest corporations have agreed to



The inflation fighter in action

And no one said, "To hell with you."

go along with the price guidelines. None of the others, he announced, had as yet said, "To hell with you."

The Administration's Kahn-do posture got a boost last week when the House Ways and Means Committee opened hearings on the weakest link in the anti-inflation program: real wage insurance. The idea had been initially dismissed by most economists and politicians as unpassable and unworkable, but lately it has shown some staying power. Committee

Chairman Al Ullman, who was at first disdainful, noted there is "increasing resignation" that the proposal might pass in some form. Another early critic, Russell Long, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, which must also pass on the measure, now says he is reserving final judgment until after the House acts.

The plan calls for persuading workers to accept annual wage boosts of 7% or less by offering them tax credits equal to the difference between a 7% pay increase and the real increase in the Consumer Price Index, up to 10%. Business organizations still oppose the idea as inflationary in itself. Big Labor now finds real wage insurance at least palatable, if only because some workers might get some cash out of it.

**S**till, many Congressmen fear that payouts from the program would bloat the budget deficit well beyond the \$29 billion target set by the Administration for fiscal 1980. The White House calculates that based on an inflation rate of 7.5% for all of that period, real wage insurance should cost no more than \$2.5 billion. But some forecasts point to an average inflation rate of 9% or more this year.

It will be late spring before this year's price trend will be discernible. Thus the inflation outlook will still be clouded when the pacesetter Teamsters contract negotiations begin in earnest in March. If the truckers breach the 7% limit, other unions can be expected to follow. If that happens, the concern about controls reflected in last week's leap in wholesale prices may spread much farther.

### Farmers Raising Cain

**S**ome have made "bad business judgments." Others were "driven by just old-fashioned greed." So said Agriculture Secretary Bob Bergland last week as 4,000 farmers from as far away as Colorado rolled into Washington aboard tractors and campers to press for higher farm price supports. If Bergland's bluntness was startling, so was the demonstrators' cause. Last winter when the small American Agriculture Movement organized its first drive-in at the capital, farm prices were depressed and many U.S. farmers were genuinely strapped. But now the A.A.M. militants, who signaled their arrival by disrupting traffic and scuffling with police, are crying poor at a time when most farmers are doing quite well.

The A.A.M. wants crop prices raised to 90% of "parity," an antiquated concept founded on the argument that farm prices

should have been rising as fast as nonfarm prices since World War I. Agriculture Department economists scoff at this demand; they say that 90% parity would drive retail food prices—the biggest single factor in the U.S.'s inflation problem—up by 16% this year, on top of the 10% increase of 1978. Because strong demand has pushed up prices for wheat, beef and other products, farmers have managed to stay well ahead of inflation. By the Agriculture Department's reckoning, total farm income rose an impressive 40% last year, to about \$28 billion, not far below the 1973 record of \$33 billion. A Government-financed on-farm grain storage program launched in the fall of 1977 is helping to maintain

SP1 this prosperity.

So who is hurting? Evidently it is a minority of farmers who unwisely took on onerous debts in the mid-1970s to buy costly new acreage in the belief that prices for farm land would continue to soar. The typical farmer, who has a modest 17¢ in debt for every dollar in assets, has no need to raise Cain in Washington.



Tractors parked on the mall in front of the Capitol last week



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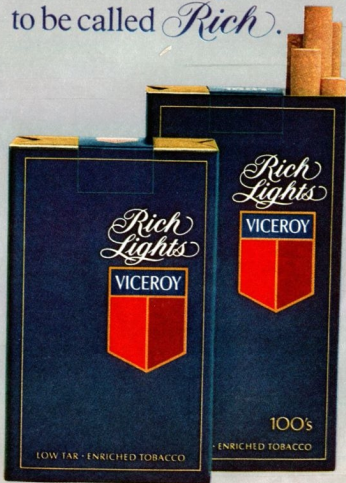


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## Economy & Business

### Firing Line

W.F.B. vs. the SEC

**W**illiam F. Buckley Jr., the conservative columnist, editor, spy novelist and talk-show *Torquemada*, strikes an all wise posture when lecturing Presidents, diplomats and others on their ethical responsibilities. But last week, on the firing line himself in a civil fraud case brought by the Securities and Exchange Commission, Buckley found himself pleading, of all things, ignorance.

The SEC accused Buckley of misusing his position as chairman of the publicly owned Starr Broadcasting Group, Inc., a Westport, Conn., firm owning radio and TV stations throughout the U.S. The charge was that he arranged to have the company bail him and three partners out

partners' loans, and they faced a threat of personal bankruptcy. In 1974, however, Buckley allegedly proposed that Starr itself buy the theaters. The next year it did—for \$8 million, most of which represented assumption of the partners' loans. The SEC charged that this was an improper use of Starr's assets, and that Starr had left out key information, such as the fact that Sitco was losing money, in its 10-K reports. These are reports to the SEC containing detailed financial information that must be submitted annually by nearly all public companies.

Even though he signed a consent decree declining to submit the matter to the courts, Buckley characteristically could not let his differences with the SEC go by without a public riposte. He released copies of his correspondence with the SEC on the matter, plus a long question-and-answer sheet. Among other things, he contended that he could not fairly be blamed for the misleading 10-K reports because he had not bothered to read them, and had relied on the advice of others that they were accurate. Said Buckley: "I did not even know what a 10-K was [at the time]. I live in a world in which people are simply unaware of the uses of boiler plate."

Buckley says he will never again sit on a public company's board. "The evolution of the director's responsibility is running ahead of inflation," he complains. "The contemporary director is supposed to know more about accounting than the company accountant, and more about the law than the company lawyer." In the past Buckley has taken a different line. In 1973 when he was scouring Richard Nixon for ducking responsibility for Watergate, he wrote an imaginary speech on what Nixon should have said when he fired John Ehrlichman and Robertaldeman: "Theirs alone is not the blame. I am not your President because I am naive." ■



Ex-Director Buckley

*It all seemed just "boiler plate."*

of a bad investment in some Texas movie theaters by having Starr buy the theaters. Rather than fight the charge, Buckley signed a tough consent decree, saying that he wanted to avoid costly litigation. The decree requires him to surrender Starr stock worth more than \$600,000 to a court-administered fund that may be distributed to other Starr stockholders and to forgo some payments Starr owed him. The total cost to Buckley could reach \$1.4 million, which is unusually stiff for an SEC case. Buckley was also barred from serving as an officer or director of any publicly owned company for five years.

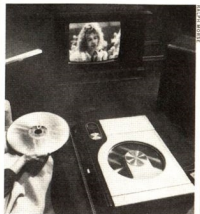
Buckley helped create Starr in 1966 and was its chairman from 1969 until 1977. In 1971 he set up a separate venture called Sitco in partnership with three other Starr officer-directors. Sitco bought 17 Texas movie theaters, but the investment went sour; revenue from the theaters could not cover the interest on the

### Disc Duel

A \$130 million gamble

**E**ver want to invite friends in for a private screening of a hit movie? That has long been a favorite entertainment form of super-rich folks who can both obtain films and keep home screening rooms to show them in. But now Magnavox and RCA are betting heavily on a new device they say will make this possible in any of the 70 million U.S. homes that have a television. It is called the videodisc.

Videodisc? Americans are already familiar with videotape recorders, or VTRs, which can be plugged into an ordinary TV set and record up to four hours of programming on a cassette for later viewing. Videodiscs are also used with standard TV sets, but they are like phonograph records that can "play" video images as well as sound. They cannot record TV shows but, like records, are sold pre-pro-



Magnavox videodisc player and TV set

*In every home, an Animal House.*

grammed with anything that can be shown on the tube: movies, concerts, how-to instructions in golf and cooking.

Magnavox, which has been marketing a \$695 videodisc player in Atlanta since December and plans to introduce it in other cities this year, has already assembled a list of 202 recorded discs; they include 108 movies, among them *Animal House*, *Jaws 2* and *House Calls*, which sell for a top price of \$15.95. RCA plans to launch a less expensive system (about \$400) next year and is also building up a library of similarly priced films, as well as concerts and opera performances.

The two companies believe their devices will build up a new home-entertainment industry that will complement rather than compete with the more expensive VTRs. They also hope to grab a share of the \$2.4 billion a year that Americans currently lay out for movie admissions and the \$3.5 billion they spend on records and tapes; when hooked up to a stereo system, videodiscs produce a better sound quality than regular records.

The two companies' systems are incompatible: RCA discs cannot be played



Prototype of RCA's competing machine

*Eventually, one will dominate.*

# How to Dicker with the Chinese

*They are scrutable if a U.S. firm is patient and prepared*

on Magnavox machines and vice versa. Concedes RCA Executive Vice President Herbert Schlosser: "Eventually one system will dominate." Magnavox uses smooth-surfaced plastic discs. To see a film, one places the disc on the machine's phonograph-like turntable; a laser beam picks up the sound and images, which are then played through the attached TV set. Some Magnavox discs play for 30 min. a side, but movies take 60 min. RCA's discs, which will all play for 60 min., are grooved like records, and a stylus is used to pick up the sound and images. Because they are easily fouled by dirt, the discs are kept in plastic caddies; they are inserted in a slot in the videodisc machine rather than placed on a turntable.

The RCA player permits viewers to skip ahead or back, or to repeat the same 15-sec. segment over and over again. The costlier Magnavox system is more versatile: the action on the 30-min. discs can be run in slow motion or reversed or even held in freeze-frame position.

**M**ovie companies, which will get a royalty of between \$2 and \$3 for every disc sold, have been happy to supply films. "It's a new market we cannot afford to ignore," says Norman Glenn of MCA, the big Los Angeles-based entertainment conglomerate, which is making discs for the Magnavox player. The company has been rummaging movie company libraries for popular films. While recent releases on the MCA discs cost \$15.95, older classics like *Destiny Rides Again* and TV movies (*Battlestar Galactica*, *The Bionic Woman*) sell for \$9.95; how-to features like a Julia Child cooking course or films of Ali's boxing bouts are priced at \$5.95 and up. RCA, which is producing its own discs, expects to start with about 250 offerings at a top price of \$17.

Given the cost of pioneering the machines—Magnavox has already invested about \$80 million, while RCA has spent more than \$50 million—both companies have moved with caution. Indeed, RCA announced that it would go ahead with its system only after Magnavox began test-marketing in December. Magnavox, for its part, took the plunge because it had an agreement with MCA that it would launch videodiscs no later than 1978. Both players will be nationally available in 1980 when, despite Magnavox's test launches this year, RCA's greater number of dealers and lower price tag may give that company a marketing edge.

The Japanese, who make all available VTRs, have shown no eagerness to jump into this new market, even though several manufacturers, including Sony and Matsushita, are known to have developed disc machines. Evidently they do not want to begin promoting videodiscs while sales of VTR machines remain strong. A Sony spokesman insists: "We don't think the public is yet ready for the discs." Magnavox and RCA hope to prove him wrong. ■

**T**he dining rooms of the Min Zu (Nationalities) and Peking hotels are jammed these nights with foreign businessmen dawdling over dinner because there is little else to do in the Chinese capital after dark. But an American hoping to compare notes with a Western colleague on the art of negotiating in the Middle Kingdom will be disappointed. Fearful of tipping off competitors, each company group huddles by itself and speaks in hushed tones. Says a U.S. businessman: "You sit there surrounded by Westerners all whispering about their deals, but you never find out what they are up to—nor do you tell anybody who you are or why you are in Peking."

That is only one of the surprises and difficulties facing U.S. companies trying to push through a new Open Door to China trade. Some other challenges: preparing reams of technical material for Chinese bureaucrats who will want to debate every minute specification of a widget; staying reasonably sober through Peking banquets that may include as many as ten bottoms-up toasts drunk in 110-proof mao tais; determining just how big the China market really is in the first place.

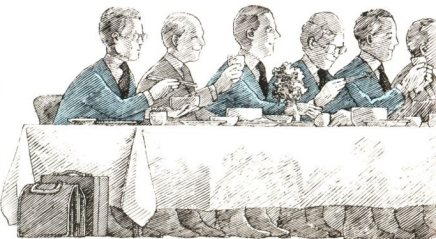
Since last fall, new U.S. deals with China—to build hotels, open iron mines, sell planes, oil drilling equipment and even Coca-Cola—have been popping like firecrackers at a Chinese New Year celebration. U.S. exports to China leaped from \$171.5 million in 1977 to \$823.6 million last year, and forecasts of the 1985 volume range up to \$6 billion.

Skeptics suspect that those predictions may be too euphoric. Peking has very little interest in importing consumer goods; those Cokes will be mainly for tourists.

China is avid to buy foreign technology, but how much it will be able to pay for is inscrutable. The still poor country has little to sell abroad, and it is most uncertain what sums it can borrow, from whom and on what terms. Finally, veteran China traders suspect that in many cases what now appear to be three sales will turn out to be only one, for which the Chinese have invited three companies, unknown to each other, to negotiate and submit what amount to competing bids—a strategy not unknown in the West.

**S**ill, the China market can be huge for those companies that know how to tap it. Unfortunately, not many Americans have yet acquired expertise in the art, and some of the advice the neophyte China trader will get is conflicting or just plain wrong. Some traders insist that an American should avoid all attempts at humor in dealing with the Chinese; others assert that Chinese negotiators enjoy a hearty laugh. One American advises colleagues not to wear suits and ties, for fear of embarrassing the Chinese, who will almost certainly be dressed to a person in Mao jackets. Nonsense, say older China hands: the Chinese are rather impressed by a dark pin-striped suit.

Out of the confusion, however, emerge some clear rules: be patient, be friendly, and above all be prepared. "For a negotiation that would take six months some place else, anticipate that it will take at least two months longer in China," advises Eric Kalkhurst, North Asia sales director for Fluor Corp., which has won a fat contract to develop a Chinese copper mine. And that is after a delegation visits Peking; wangling an invitation to go there



often takes much longer. Some deals signed last fall were the fruit of contacts that were made as early as 1972.

Opening procedure: write to a Chinese ministry or government-run Foreign Trade Corporation that might be interested in a product or service. Include in the packet a proposal, plus all the technical data that can be amassed—papers, speeches, manuals—and the company annual report. The Chinese want to study in advance everything about a firm. Send several copies: the Chinese may want to distribute the material widely, but they are woefully short of Xerox machines.

Then wait, and be ready for mystery: one U.S. executive corresponded for years with a Chinese official who signed himself, *Get Smart*-style, as M 903. A breakthrough can come when least expected. An American businessman was sitting in a dentist's chair in Hong Kong having a tooth drilled, when a messenger rushed in with news that a Chinese official whom he had been trying to get an appointment with for weeks wanted to meet him in the street immediately. Once invited to Peking, rule No. 1 is never go alone. The Chinese will ask more, and more detailed, questions than any one executive can answer. Depending on the importance of the deal, a good-size delegation would be from four to six: some experts who can discuss the details, and one or two top officers who can sign on the spot if asked. They should go with a commitment to stay as long as necessary.

Negotiating sessions generally consist of a morning meeting from 9 until noon, a break for lunch, then an hour or two in the afternoon; each session opens with a pot of steaming green tea. All are conducted in English, through an interpreter supplied by the Chinese. (Japanese businessmen complain that they face a greater language barrier than Americans, since many more Chinese speak English than Japanese.) Nonetheless, it is wise for Americans to bring their own interpreter,

if they can find one skilled in both the Chinese language and U.S. business terms. Misunderstandings do occur; once some Boeing negotiators, slipping into airline slang, referred to a small bulk-head in a 747 jet, where food trays or small luggage can be stored, as a "doghouse." After many blank stares, the puzzled Chinese asked, "Why design your airplanes to accommodate dogs?"

The first few days may be devoted to getting-to-know-you chitchat, but shortly the Chinese will start asking technical questions. This probing can go on for days; indeed it tends to become a test of patience as well as expertise. Voices should never be raised. Says David Janet, an executive of Houston-based Juhlman Kellogg, which has built eight ammonia plants in China: "To the Chinese, an indication of anger is a demonstration of a loss of self-confidence." On the other hand, says Mike McDaniel, a negotiator for Micrometrics of Norcross, Ga., which is selling chemical and pharmaceutical equipment to Peking: "I've been in countries negotiating with people hostile to me because I am American. But the Chinese really want our help." McDaniel also found them very candid about how far behind the West they are in technology.

When the talks turn to price, Chinese negotiators usually ask a Western firm to quote first, and then bargain hard for a discount, sometimes implying strongly that a competitor will provide one. But unlike the Russians, who haggle in the fashion of bazaar rug merchants, the Chinese when they finally state a price quote a realistic one that they actually expect to pay. Perhaps the worst mistake an American company can make, next to coming to Peking unprepared for highly technical discussions, is to quote an unrealistically low price to promote an initial sale. The Chinese will snap it up—and expect the same price on all future deals. Another no-no: trying to skim the market for a quick profit on a single sale. The Chinese will not

only turn down the deal but blacklist the firm, because they want to develop long-term relationships.

While all this goes on, social life is another problem. The Chinese will invite a visiting American to at least one banquet at which they offer many toasts to "friendship"; each toast is followed by a call for "kan pei" (bottoms up), and form requires that both the toaster and the head of the guest delegation must drain their mao tai glasses and then hold them upside down to show they are empty. Some thoroughly toasted Americans have observed that the Chinese rotate the toasting duty among themselves, while the U.S. delegation chief has to do this bottoms-upping every time; it is both wise and permissible for him to inform his hosts courteously that, say, four such toasts are his limit. It is also wise for an American group to arrange a dinner for its Chinese hosts. Aside from trips to the Great Wall and the Ming Tombs, businessmen find little to do in Peking but business. Evenings tend to be spent at the hotel puzzling over just where the negotiations stand.

That can be the most trying part about doing business in China. Marshall Goldberg, director of administration at Brooklyn's Monarch Wine Co., which will import Chinese beer and vodka into the U.S., recalls a telling episode. During Monarch's negotiations in Peking, disputes over how much advertising would have to be done in the U.S. got so prickly after three weeks of talks that "we walked away saying, 'Let's part in friendship.'" The Chinese, Goldberg recalls, then coolly "took us to the Peking opera that evening and the next morning put us on a train to Ts'ing-tao to see the brewery there. Through the train window, they said, 'We'll see you in Peking to resume negotiations.' They had wanted to see if we might say something different, the night before, when we were together socially. We didn't, so they knew we meant business." A deal quickly followed. ■





## Religion

### Cult Wars on Capitol Hill

*Dire warnings, and First Amendment pleas*



Jonestown victim Speier testifying

The Moonies were out in force on Capitol Hill last week. Outside the Russell Building the Rev. Sun Myung Moon's disciples had a band oom-pah-ing in protest; inside, they packed the gallery, unleashing standing ovations, boos and shouts of "Liar!" as they thought the testimony warranted. The occasion was an unofficial hearing on "cults," presided over by Republican Senator Robert Dole.

The cults issue was thrust into harsh focus by last November's carnage at the Peoples Temple commune in Jonestown, Guyana. The most dramatic moments of the four-hour hearing came from Jackie Speier, a legislative counsel who accompanied the late Congressman Leo Ryan on his fatal visit to the Rev. Jim Jones' headquarters and survived gunshot wounds. Speier stated that there are 10 million cult members in the U.S. and warned: "The most important fact about Jonestown is, it can happen again!"

As an afterthought, Dole included several witnesses who held, in line with First Amendment principles, that Government should not crack down on religious organizations unless they break the law. The bulk of the witnesses were anti-cult, however, and though they were openly, and understandably, hostile to the Moonies and other groups under discussion, they were unable to offer hard evidence of criminality, much less Jones-type mass murder. Nor did they define precisely what distinguishes a "cult" from an acceptable religion.

The main academics in the anti-cult

lineup were Harvard Psychiatry Professor John Clark and University of Washington Law Professor Richard Delgado. Clark raised frightening specters of suicide, "uncontrolled violence," trances and total loss of memory, even distorted sense of smell (unexplained), among cultists. He made it clear that he saw the cultists as mindless zombies who pose a clear threat to democratic societies. "There are armies of willing, perfectly controlled soldiers," he told the assorted Senators and Representatives. "The level of public nuisance is so high that Government must act before it is too late."

But act how? Delgado offered five proposals: 1) laws forcing proselytizers always to identify their organizations; 2) a required "cooling-off period" before deciding whether to convert; 3) spiritual "living wills" to forestall future conversion; 4) licensing of high-pressure recruiters; and 5) as a last resort, court-ordered psychiatry for converts.

Jeremiah Gutman of the American Civil Liberties Union called this "impossible constitutionally." In his view the Government simply cannot monitor voluntary private conversations aimed at persuading people to change their beliefs, or attempt to control what religions people adopt. He said that "forced psychotherapy" to attack unwanted belief is "precisely what is going on in the Soviet Union today and precisely what Ted Patrick does on a smaller scale. It is already against the law."

Patrick, of course, is the creator of "deprogramming" for cult converts, and he was on hand also. He works with family members to abduct converts and subject them to nonstop ranting by teams of operatives until they renounce their new faith. Warning that "there is a conspiracy to turn [the U.S.] into a totalitarian state," he stated that he has personally deprogrammed 1,600 people, ranging in age from 13 to 81. In a forthcoming *Playboy* interview, Patrick includes First Sister Ruth Carter Stapleton, a neo-Pentecostal "memory healer," on his list of cult leaders who bear watching. Another witness, Author Flo Conway, stated that deprogramming should be "recognized as a new and valuable form of mental health therapy."

In the S.R.O. audience was Paul Pasquarosa, a devotee of "The Way," a zealous anti-Trinitarian group, who says that Patrick slashed at him repeatedly with a straight-edged razor at a December deprogramming in Massachusetts. As a result, Patrick, who has served time elsewhere, has been charged with assault with a dangerous weapon.



Ex-deprogrammer Slaughter picketing

*Talk of trances, conspiracies and a razor.*

Another listener was Cynthia Slaughter, 27, a star witness at a similar hearing on cults held by Dole in 1976, who asked if she could testify again but was turned down. Slaughter, baptized into the Disciples of Christ as a youth, became a Moonie in 1975 and was deprogrammed by Patrick, then joined him and others in deprogramming work and giving dozens of anti-Moon speeches across the nation. She also wrote a first-person 1976 article in *TIME*. Now Slaughter, who would seem to be a highly suggestible sort, has reconverted.

Slaughter contends that the anti-cult network in which she was so active is itself a kind of "cult" and that Patrick's technique is psychologically "destructive." She said that it "scarred me," stirred up resentment and violent dreams, and that an anti-cult psychiatrist told her she came close to a psychotic break during her deprogramming. She freely admits that Moonies use high-pressure indoctrination methods, but she compares them to Zen-like spiritual disciplines. She also denies Patrick's theory that converts are "brainwashed."

It is unclear whether Senator Dole will pursue his cult hearings any further. Nor has Congress given any clue as to whether it will consider legislation to attack either the questionable religious groups, or the strong-arm tactics being used against them. There is always that little problem of squaring any such attacks with the First Amendment.



1818

SMIRNOFF



1877

PURVEYORS TO



1886



1882



1896

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\*Price comparison is based on the following. Suggested price of 1976 Civic CVCC Hatchback does not include freight or dealer prep charges. Resale price is that of basic car; prices vary according to mileage, equipment, and condition.

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**HONDA**

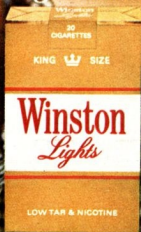
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# Cinema

## Porn Scorned

**HARDCORE**

Directed and Written  
by Paul Schrader

**T**he production notes for this film say that Paul Schrader was born in Grand Rapids, where *Hardcore's* modest, acutely observed opening sequences are set. They also tell us he was raised in the stern Calvinist tradition that sustains the heroic father figure (George C. Scott) as he searches for his runaway teen-age daughter. The girl has disappeared into the demimonde of pornographic film production in California, with its attendant agonies of drug addiction and prostitution. Schrader's feeling for the small-town society and values of his youth is respectful, never patronizing. There is an authenticity in his visualizations of family, religious and even business life in Middle America that deserves the highest praise. This loving accuracy of representation was one of the virtues of his *Blue Collar* last year; he knows what kind of furniture these people like and even how they place it in their living rooms.

Schrader is making an attempt to redeem an American heroic myth. He is trying to say that in the simple perceptions of unsophisticated people there are a strength and decency too often underestimated by media pundits who have lost touch with the values by which most of America still lives. When we see Scott's anguish as he witnesses a porno film starring his daughter, then watch him plunge bravely into that awful and degrading world searching for his child, we cannot help being moved.

And yet it is precisely here that the film begins to go wrong. There can be no doubt that Schrader has earnestly studied the porno underworld and that he is genuinely appalled by what he found. But he does not know it in his bones, as he does that other world. The lighting is wild, when it is not harsh, the better to illuminate wasted faces. The dialogue is sometimes tough, sometimes fantastical. People struggle to express their pathetic rationalizations for what they are doing and their equally pathetic dreams of escape. But Schrader never seems to get beyond his own shock; he keeps having Scott get beaten over the head with more horrors. The material finally becomes repetitive and boring, and no amount of frenzied technique can compensate for that.

The plot lacks inventiveness. The young prostitute (Season Hubley) who helps Scott in his quest is really just another hooker with a gold-plated heart. And a private detective (Peter Boyle) who also helps out remains an ambiguous, unfocused figure. The porn merchants and their handmen are all stock figures. The



Hubley and Scott in *Hardcore*

*Frenzy in the meanest streets.*

only interesting development in this later portion of the film is Scott's decision to pretend to produce a porno film so he can interview some studs who come looking for a job, hoping they will lead him to his daughter. There is strong irony here, a sense of real narrative movement that momentarily revives the picture.

But it's not enough. Even an actor as powerful as Scott cannot make up for the paucity of invention. And the frantic action of the conclusion seems more confession of failure than release of pent-up emotion. Sensational though *Hardcore* is, unblinking as it is in examining a tawdry scene, it is a serious effort, not an exploitation film. Its failure is entirely honorable, and its successful moments make it worthy of attention. But it is, regrettably, a failure.

—Richard Schickel

## 93% Solution

**MURDER BY DECREE**

Directed by Bob Clark

Screenplay by John Hopkins

**G**rimesby Roylett tried it with a snake, Colonel Sebastian Moran with an air gun, Professor James Moriarty with evil genius and brute strength. Sherlock Holmes foiled them all. He conquered cocaine, the supercriminals and the erosions of time, and he defeats the makers of *Murder by Decree*. But, by thunder, it is a near thing.

For Director Bob Clark uses a powerful new weapon: incoherence. In this Victorian melodrama, the world's first consulting detective is pitted against Jack

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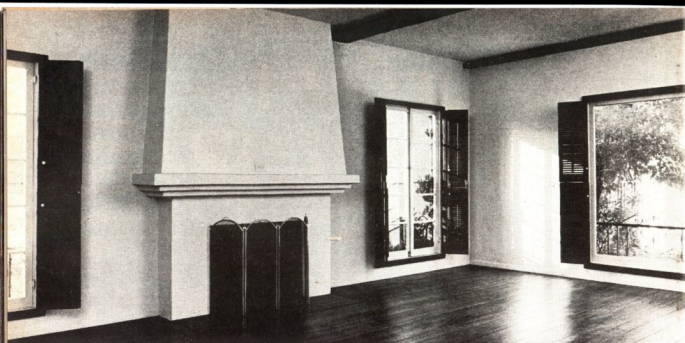
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## Cinema

the Ripper, slayer of London harlots. An intriguing idea, but hardly unique. In *A Study in Terror*, Ellery Queen postulated that the fiend of 1888 was a deranged duke. Holmes' official biographer, William Baring-Gould, identified Jack as a Scotland Yard inspector. In the recent *The Last Sherlock Holmes Story*, Mystery Writer Michael Dibdin put forth the heretical notion that the Ripper and the detective were aspects of the same character. Now Clark offers his own 7% solution: part authentic atmosphere and 93% balderdash.

Holmes and Watson are hired to find the Ripper by a group of merchants whose businesses suffer because shoppers fear to walk the Whitechapel streets. But as the sleuth reveals a vast cover-up, he shows that nothing is as it seems. The shopkeep-



Mason and Plummer in *Murder by Decree*

*Who steals the picture?*

ers are a group of radical anarchists. Jack is not a sex-crazed mutilator but a hired killer, and the master plotters are part of a conspiracy to expunge all those who know the identity of Queen Victoria's illegitimate grandchild.

Down every cobblestone street lie irrelevancies and distortions. The radicals are never identified. Holmes, who traditionally loathes the occult, wastes precious minutes with a psychic (Donald Sutherland), and the conspirators are finally unmasked as a pack of sanguinary Freemasons whose connections with power turn out to be a royal pain.

Throughout all this, Blake produces more fog than film. Nevertheless, there are two reasons to view *Murder by Decree*: Christopher Plummer and James Mason. As the detective, Plummer grows from insufferable know-all to a man of sympathy and dimension. As the good doctor, Mason shuttles cannily from pawky humor to utter bewilderment. He steals the picture, and if Holmes has any sense, he will remain blind to the theft. This delightful pair should be employed again in a more credible adventure than *Murder by Decree*. Conan Doyle suggests one in *The Problem of Thor Bridge*: "That of Isadora Persano, the well-known journalist and duellist, who was found stark staring mad with a matchbox in front of him which contained a remarkable worm said to be unknown to science..." — Stefan Kanfer

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Kline and Hart in *Loose Ends*

## Theater

### Growing Pains

LOOSE ENDS

by Michael Weller

An affinity with childhood—irrepressible, irresponsible, zany, sulky—brings out the best and the worst in playwright Weller. His previous drama, *Moonchildren*, was a balloon flight through the gravityless '60s. In *Loose Ends*, now at Washington, D.C.'s Arena Stage, the characters are grounded in the '70s and undergo growing pains without discernibly growing up.

The plot is Simon-simple. Paul (Kevin Kline) falls in love with Susan (Roxanne Hart). He is a disenchanting graduate of the Peace Corps and she is distancing herself from Denver, Colo. They live together in Boston, get married, and then the women's deliberation movement modishly turns Susan's head. Careerism lures her to New York. After six months, Paul rejoins her, keenly desiring a child. Susan refuses to be his "baby machine" and has an abortion without telling Paul. Recriminations. Divorce. New lovers, and a bittersweet embrace at the fadeout. To confuse this with soap opera is to possess 20/20 vision.

Fortunately, Paul and Susan have friends who are fun to be with. Comic relief is generously provided by Susan's pal Janice (Robin Bartlett), prime guru bait who arrives in a sari, with a skull-washed boyfriend who is out of this world, Asian or otherwise. Kevin Kline's Paul sensitively conveys the perplexity of a neo-modern man coping with a neo-modern woman, and Director Alan Schneider's supple intelligence cloaks the nudity of the text.

—T.E. Kalem

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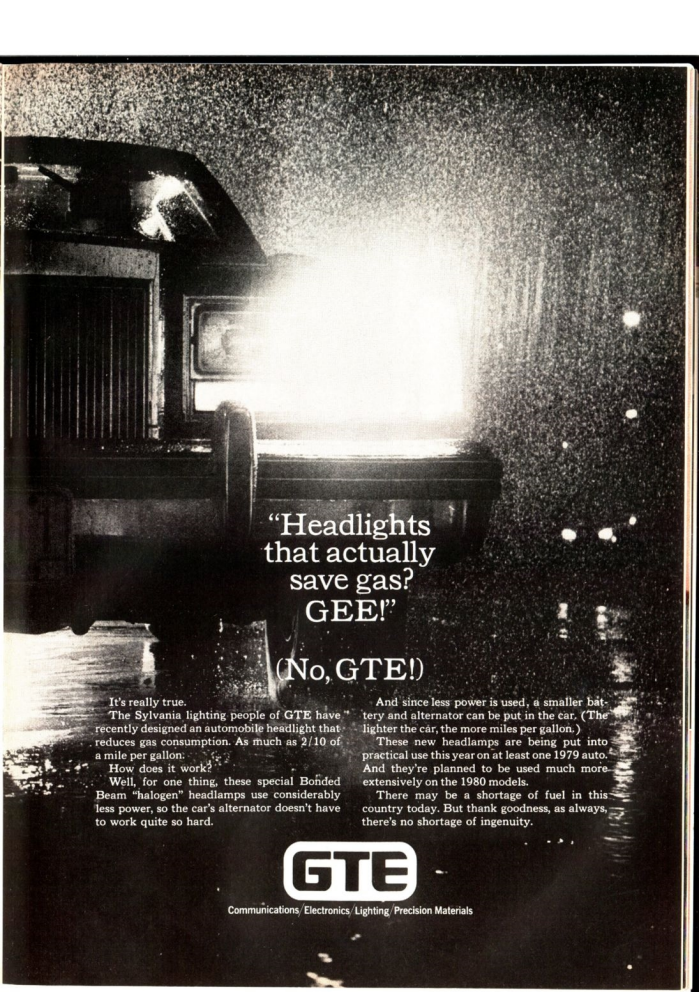
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These new headlamps are being put into practical use this year on at least one 1979 auto. And they're planned to be used much more extensively on the 1980 models.

There may be a shortage of fuel in this country today. But thank goodness, as always, there's no shortage of ingenuity.

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# People



Republican Senators Simpson, Warner, Humphrey, Durenberger, Pressler and Jepsen on an exercise campaign

GROSSKRAY—LIFE

Wisconsin's Senator **William Proxmire** was once a lone loper on his way to the Capitol. These days, however, nearly half the Senate is running in office. The freshman Republican class are avid members of the shin-splint generation, and six of them suited up one morning at sunrise to puff on the mall. Despite a wind-chill factor of 0°, Wyoming's Senator **Alan Simpson**, 47, Virginia's **John Warner**, 51, New Hampshire's **Gordon Humphrey**, 38, Minnesota's **David Durenberger**, 44, South Dakota's **Larry Pressler**, 36, and Iowa's **Roger Jepsen**, 50, enjoyed their informal caucus. Says Simpson: "It clears away the fog."



Gladiator Stallone lives out a childhood fantasy

not while he was in college; O'Hara never got that far.

His three-year-old son Sage wanted to see his old man on the *Muppet Show*, so **Sylvester Stallone**, 32, got himself invited, playing a gladiator vs. a Muppet lion. Besides, it was a way to live out his own childhood fantasy. "Ever since I was eight, I've wanted to be a gladiator," says the hero of *Rocky*. "Usually, when I have a fantasy, I make a movie. This saved me from 22 weeks of moviemaking." Probably a good thing, considering Stallone's last two films, *F.I.S.T.* and *Paradise Alley*.

Any day now, the songs of **John Denver** may be heard along the Great Wall. When the country-and-western singer performed at the Kennedy Center gala for **Teng Hsiao-p'ing**, he won a new fan and the Vice Premier's autograph.

Perhaps this was because the lyrics to Denver's hit, *Take Me Home, Country Roads*, were printed in Chinese on the program. No wonder, since one of the lines goes, "Drivin' down the road I get a feelin' That I should have been home yesterday, yesterday." When it came time to head home himself, Teng found some gifts loaded onto his plane at Seattle: 100 copies of Denver's latest album, courtesy of the star.

Syracuse U. was an intellectual's academe, recalls Novelist **Joyce Carol Oates** ('60), but the sorority system, well, that was an intellectual's animal house. Reminiscing in the *Paris Review*, Alumna Oates speaks with horror of her days as a Phi Mu: "The asininity of 'secret ceremonies'; the moronic emphasis upon 'activities' totally unrelated to—in fact antithetical to—intellectual exploration." There was also "the aping of the worst American traits—boosterism, Godfearing-ism, smug ignorance, a craven worship of conformity." Grist for the Oates mill? Never. "To even *care* about such adolescent nonsense one would have to have the sensitivity of a John O'Hara, who seems to have taken it all seriously." But

## On the Record

**Art Buchwald**, humor columnist, on Coca-Cola's Chinese franchise: "I don't mind 800 million Chinese drinking a bottle a day, but I don't want them to bring back the empires."

**Eubie Blake**, composer, at 96: "I'll just keep going until that man says seven, eight, nine, ten, you're out."

**Kenneth Gibson**, mayor of Newark, on so-called nuisance taxes: "I call them sin taxes, you know, on cigarettes, liquor, gambling. The reason they can pass sin taxes is that the sinners aren't organized. How many drinkers are organized?"



Denver warms up for Teng

## Science

COVER STORY

# The Year of Dr. Einstein

*Centennial fever rises over the man whose ideas reshaped the universe*

**H**e was a modern Merlin, conjuring up astonishing new notions of space and time, changing forever man's perception of his universe—and of himself. He fathered relativity and heralded the atomic age with his famed formula  $E=mc^2$ . Yet his formidable reputation never undermined his simple humanity. He spoke out courageously against social injustice. In his later years, dressed in baggy clothes, his white hair as unkempt as a sheep dog's, he helped youngsters with their geometry homework, still loved to sail, play Mozart melodies on the violin and scribble reams of doggerel. Though he has been dead nearly a quarter of a century, there are few people who do not recognize the face or name of Albert Einstein.

Scientists share that adulation, for Einstein was the most eminent among them in this century and, in the eyes of some, the greatest scientist of all time. Says Nobel Laureate I.I. Rabi: "There are few ideas in contemporary physics that did not grow out of his work." Adds M.I.T.'s Irwin Shapiro: "He makes me proud to call myself a physicist."

This year marks the centennial of Einstein's birth on March 14, 1879, in Ulm, Germany, and all the world seems to be joining the party. In the U.S. and Europe, in Asia and Latin America, even in the Soviet Union, where Einstein's ideas were once considered heresy, academic institutions are vying to outdo each other with special tributes.

The largest commemorations will be held next

month at the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton, N.J., where Einstein spent his last 22 years, and at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem, which he helped found. "It's an avalanche effect," says Relativist Peter G. Bergmann of Syracuse University, one of Einstein's old collaborators. "Everyone wants to snatch a bit of reflected glory." Says Cambridge University's Martin Rees: "Einstein is the only scientist who has become a cult figure, even among scientists."

But the centennial fever has spread far beyond academe. The U.S., West Germany and other countries are issuing special Einstein stamps. There is a spate of new books on Einstein, including two volumes of his writings published in China. Museums such as the Smithsonian Institution in Washington and the Pompidou Center in Paris are mounting Einstein exhibits. In New York City, the American Institute of Physics is assembling Einstein memorabilia for a traveling show. The East Germans are sprucing up Einstein's old summer cottage at Caputh, near Berlin. Japanese Einstein buffs are planning a pilgrimage to some of his European haunts. Television too is paying homage with several Einstein specials, including the BBC-WGBH two-hour *Einstein's Universe*, starring Peter Ustinov as a wide-eyed

student of relativity, and PBS's 60-minute *Nova* documentary *Einstein*. Above it all is the "Einstein Observatory," an astronomical satellite launched in November to investigate stars and other celestial objects that radiate high-energy X rays.

Some of Einstein's old associates are appalled by the hoopla. Says Helen Dukas, his longtime secretary, who lovingly watches over the Einstein archives in Princeton and still places flowers in the study of his white clapboard house on Mercer Street: "Do you know what he would say? 'You see, they are still taking pieces out of my hide.'" Philosopher Paul Schilpp, who is helping arrange a centennial symposium at Southern Illinois University, acknowledges that Einstein "would hate all this uproar."

What has aroused Einsteinophiles especially is a 12-ft.-high bronze statue of the physicist that will be unveiled in April by the National Academy of Sciences on Washington's Constitution Avenue. Critics have attacked Sculptor Robert Berks for his "bubble gum" style, the astrological connotation of the star-studded base and the statue's cost (at least \$1.6 million). Oth-

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Clock in lower orbit will run more slowly than identical clock in higher orbit, partly because gravity is stronger closer to earth, partly because orbital speed is greater closer to earth.

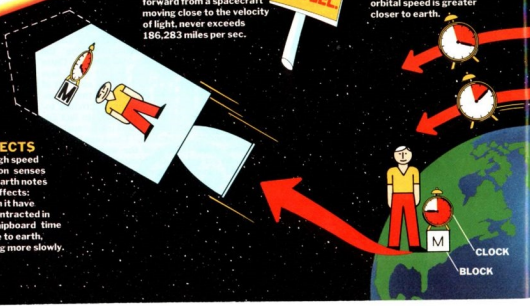
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### THE SPECIAL EFFECTS

Astronaut traveling at high speed with clock and block of iron senses no changes, but twin on earth notes remarkable relativistic effects: the ship and everything in it have increased in mass and contracted in the direction of travel, shipboard time has slowed down relative to earth, and the astronaut is aging more slowly.





ers insist that no statue could really be appropriate: Einstein, after all, was so opposed to posthumous veneration that he willed his ashes to be scattered at an undisclosed place. Constantly called upon to pose for photographers, painters and sculptors (including Berks), he once gave his occupation as "artist's model."

Perhaps the most meaningful tribute to Einstein is entirely unplanned: the renaissance of interest in his scientific work. Before his death in 1955 at 76, Einstein had called himself a "museum piece," a fossil who had long since slipped out of the mainstream of physics. Indeed, his greatest work, general relativity, fell into an intellectual limbo. Explains University of Texas Physicist John Wheeler: "For the first half-century of its life, general relativity was a theorist's paradise but an experimentalist's hell. No theory was more difficult to test." Physicists turned to other concepts, mostly concerning atomic structure, that could be more easily verified and had more applications.

Now that view has undergone a dramatic change. Says West German Physicist Carl Friedrich von Weizsäcker: "Einstein's true greatness lies in the fact that he remains relevant today, in spite of the breakthroughs that have occurred since his death." Indeed, it is many of those

breakthroughs that have contributed to the Einstein revival.

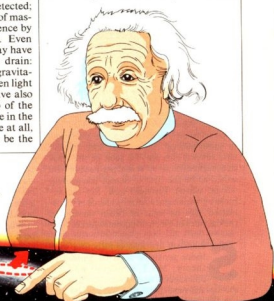
Since the early 1960s, astronomers have been opening up an entirely new universe, aided by technology only vaguely dreamed of in Einstein's day: giant radio antennas that can "see" hitherto unknown sources of energy in space, orbiting satellites that scan the heavens high above the obscuring atmosphere, and atomic clocks so accurate they lose or gain barely a billionth of a second in a month.

**T**his unexpected world includes enigmatic objects called quasars. Radiating prodigious amounts of energy, they are visible on earth despite the fact that they may be the most distant objects in the universe. Pulsars, or neutron stars, have also been detected; these highly compressed cadavers of massive stars usually signal their existence by their highly regular radio beeps. Even stranger are the giant stars that may have in effect gone down the cosmic drain: those elusive black holes, with gravitational fields so powerful that not even light can escape them. Astronomers have also picked up what may be the echo of the Creation. Coming from everywhere in the skies, and in a sense from nowhere at all, these faint microwaves appear to be the

lingering reverberations of the Big Bang, the cataclysmic explosion in which the universe was apparently born 15 billion to 20 billion years ago.

Einstein, in his time, could have had little inkling of this astronomical revolution. Yet to understand phenomena of such cosmic proportions, scientists must rely on his theoretical masterwork: the general relativity theory. Unfolded in 1916 to an astonished and largely uncomprehending scientific community, it is Einstein's complex and subtle yet beautifully elegant mathematical explanation of nature's most pervasive—and paradoxically, its weakest—force: gravity.

As a direct consequence of the recent astronomical discoveries and a host of new and precise measuring techniques,



## THE MASTER'S UNIVERSE

In the dazzling world of relativity, ordinary time and space are replaced by baffling effects at odds with common sense

### EXPANDING UNIVERSE

Outward rush of galaxies, away from earth and from each other, shows that universe is expanding.

### "CREATING" GRAVITY

Passenger in elevator accelerating at 32 ft. per sec. per sec. in space feels the same pull...



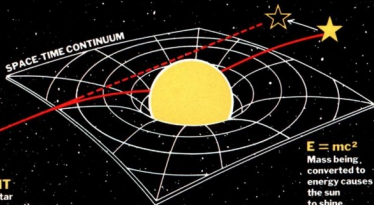
...as gravity exerts on the occupant of elevator at rest on earth.



### BENDING LIGHT

Light from distant star is bent by curve in space-time caused by mass of the sun. Thus, from earth, position of star seems shifted.

SPACE-TIME CONTINUUM



**$E = mc^2$**   
Mass being converted to energy causes the sun to shine.

## Science



**Controversial Einstein statue by Robert Berks to be unveiled in Washington in April**  
For some of the old associates, all the hoopla is appalling.

general relativity is finally enjoying boom times. Thus Einstein, a genius in his own age, remains a powerful intellectual force in this time as well. The number of learned papers on general relativity has risen from only a handful a few years ago to some 600 or 700 a year. The relativistic revival can also be seen in the spirited competition by scientists around the world to be the first to detect the gravity waves, which, Einstein said, are the vehicle by which gravitational force is transmitted, just as light or radio waves are the carriers of electromagnetic force.

**S**cientists are also conducting ever more sensitive tests of Einstein's theory. M.I.T.'s Shapiro and his colleagues have been sending radio signals past the rim of the sun, bouncing them off other planets and clocking their return to earth to an accuracy of better than a millionth of a second. The object: to see if solar gravity slows the signals down by the amount forecast by Einstein. So far, general relativity has passed these and other tests without exception. Says Yale Physicist Feza Gursey: "Einstein's theories tend to become stronger with time."

In his earliest years, Einstein showed no obvious sign of genius; he did not begin talking until the age of three. At Munich's Luitpold Gymnasium (high school), he bridled at the inflexible system of rote learning and the drill-sergeant manner of his teachers, annoying them with his rebellious attitude. Said one: "You will never amount to anything."

Yet there were also some hints of the man to

be. At five, when he was given a compass, he was fascinated by the mysterious force that must be influencing its needle. He went through a deeply religious period before adolescence, berating his freethinking father, a manufacturer of electrochemical products, for straying from the path of Jewish orthodoxy. But this phase passed soon after he began studying science, math and philosophy on his own. He was especially enamored of a basic math text—his "holy geometry booklet." At 16, he devised one of his first "thought experiments." These can only be done in the mind, not in a laboratory, and would eventually lead him to his stunning theories. In this case, he imagined what a light wave would look like to an observer riding along with it.

Within a year after his father's business failed and the family moved to Northern Italy to start anew, Einstein dropped out of school and renounced his German citizenship. To shake off the bitter memories of the Munich school, he spent a year hiking in the Apennines, visiting relatives and touring museums. He

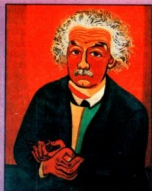
then decided to enroll in the famed Swiss Federal Institute of Technology in Zurich. Though he failed the entrance exam—because of deficiencies in botany and zoology, as well as in languages other than German—he was admitted after a year's study at a Swiss high school. (Eventually he became a Swiss citizen.)

Yet Einstein's rebelliousness continued. He cut lectures, read what he pleased, tinkered in school labs and incurred the wrath of his teachers. Mathematician Hermann Minkowski, who later made valuable contribu-

tions to Einstein's new physics, called him a "lazy dog." Only scrupulous notes kept by a classmate, Marcel Grossmann, enabled Einstein to cram successfully for his two major exams and to graduate in 1900.

Having antagonized his professors, Einstein failed to obtain a university teaching post. He eked out a living by doing calculations for an astronomer, tutoring and substituting as a teacher. At 23 he got a job as an examiner with the Swiss Patent Office in Bern. His title: technical expert, third class. His pay: a modest 3,500 francs, then about \$675, a year.

Still, as Einstein said, the post "in a way saved my life." It enabled him to marry a fellow physics student Mileva Maric, from Serbia. In reviewing patent applications, he also learned to get to the heart of a problem and to decide quickly if ideas were valid. That left him time to think about physics.

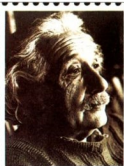


*A. Einstein*  
**ALBERT EINSTEIN 1879-1955**

West German commemorative poster

There was plenty to ponder. For more than two centuries, the basic laws of motion and gravitation postulated by Isaac Newton had prevailed. They were more than adequate to describe planetary movements, the behavior of gases and other everyday physical phenomena. But by the end of the 19th century serious cracks had developed in the Newtonian edifice. For example, Newton had regarded light as a stream of particles ("corpuscles"). Experiments had already shown that light was wavelike. Perhaps more significant, the English scientist Michael Faraday and the Scot James Clerk Maxwell had demonstrated that electromagnetism, which includes light, comprised a class of phenomena that did not fit easily into the Newtonian system.

If light consisted of waves, however, how were they transmitted? Scientists realized that space was largely empty of conventional matter. So, to carry light over such vast distances as that between sun and earth, they postulated the exist-



**Einstein**  
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tence of a tenuous, invisible substance called the ether. To detect the ether, the Americans Albert Michelson and Edward Morley performed a clever experiment in 1887. As the earth moved around the sun at about 30 km (19 miles) per second, the motion would generate an ether "wind" in the opposite direction, just as a bicyclist pedaling on a calm day creates a wind that blows into his face. Thus the velocity of light should be greater when light moves with this wind, or across it, than against it. To test the ether theory, Michelson and Morley constructed an ingenious rotating apparatus with a light source and mirrors. To their amazement, they found that no matter in what direction light was beamed, its velocity remained exasperatingly constant. Could it be that the ether did not exist?

In an attempt to preserve the ether, Irish Physicist George FitzGerald offered a novel theory: perhaps motion through the ether causes an object to shrink slightly



Young Albert and Sister Maja

ly in the direction of its travels. Indeed, by his argument, the contraction would be just enough to compensate for the change in the velocity of light caused by the ether wind. Thus the wind would be impossible to detect. Putting the theory into elegant mathematical form, the Dutch physicist Hendrik Lorentz added another idea: permeating the structure of all matter, the ether would also slow down clocks traveling through it—in fact, just enough so light's speed would always seem constant.

Even to scientists of the day, these theories seemed patchwork: they dealt with nagging questions, but in an artificial and contrived way. Yet they contained seeds of truth. Science was groping toward the answer to the ether dilemma and the limitations of Newtonian physics. And even without Einstein, someone eventually would have solved the puzzle.

Still, the intuitive flash did not occur to any of the scientific greats of the day, but to the 26-year-old patent examiner



Being sworn in as U.S. citizen in 1940 with Secretary Dukas (left) and Stepdaughter Margot

*In the beginning, nary a sign of genius, but some hints of the man to be.*

on the fringes of physics. That insight was shown in two remarkable papers that appeared during 1905 in the German scientific journal *Annalen der Physik*. The title of the first—"On the Electrodynamics of Moving Bodies"—did not begin to reflect its eventual significance. Later it would become known as Einstein's special theory of relativity.

Einstein boldly disregarded the notion of the ether. Then he went on to state two postulates: 1) An experiment can detect only relative motion, that is, the motion of one observer with respect to another. 2) Regardless of the motion of its source, light always moves through empty space at a constant speed (this seems to violate common sense, which suggests that light projected forward from a moving spacecraft, like a bullet fired from a plane, would travel at a speed equal to its velocity plus that of the craft). From these statements, using thought experiments and simple mathematics, Einstein made deductions that shook the central ideas of Newtonian physics.

In demolishing Newton's basic assumption that time is absolute, that it is universally the same, and that it flows steadily from the past toward the future, Einstein used the following thought experiment: an observer standing next to a railroad embankment sees two bolts of lightning strike the tracks at the same time and thus concludes that they occurred simultaneously, one far to the east, the other an equal distance to the west. Just as the bolts hit, a second observer passes directly in front of him on a train moving at high speed from east to west.

To the second observer, the bolts do not seem to strike simultaneously. Reason: because he is moving away from the bolt in the east, its light takes slightly longer to reach him. Similarly, because he is moving toward the bolt in the west, its light reaches him earlier. Thus what the stationary observer sees as simultaneous lightning strikes, the moving observer sees as a flash in the west followed by one in the east. If, on the other hand, the bolts had struck at different times, it could well have been the moving observer who saw them simultaneously and the man along the tracks who thought that they did not occur at the same time.

In any case, the question remains: Which of these views is wrong? Neither, said Einstein. Measurements of time depend on the choice of the reference frame—in this case, the train or the point along the tracks.

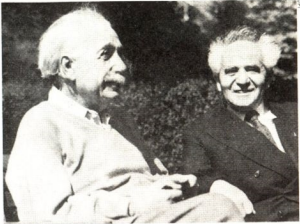
By similar reasoning, Einstein also showed that the Newtonian concept of absolute length was obsolete.

In Einstein's new relativistic world, both time and distance are equally fickle and depend on the relative motion of observers. The only absolute remaining is the speed of light. Out of this theorizing emerged some bizarre conclusions about the effect of so-called relativistic speeds, those near the velocity of light. As an observer on earth, for example, watches a spacecraft move away at about 260,000 km (160,000 miles) per second, time aboard the ship (assuming he is able to see the ship's clock) seems to him to move at only half the rate that it would on earth. The mass of the



With Second Wife Elsa in 1931

## Science



With Physicist J. Robert Oppenheimer in Princeton in 1949; during visit by Israeli Premier Ben-Gurion in 1951

ship and everything on it appear to double relative to what their mass was on earth, while all dimensions in the direction of travel seem to contract to half their earth lengths. Strangely enough, a ship-board observer notices no changes aboard his craft. He thinks that it is time back on earth that is slowing, and that the masses and lengths there are changing.

These seemingly contradictory effects lead to a famous brain teaser called the Twin Paradox: If one twin goes off into space, which twin will be the older (if either is) when the brothers are reunited? Einstein says there is a definitive answer and, therefore, no paradox. Because of other relativistic effects that stem from leaving and returning to earth, if one twin departs on a high-velocity space journey, he will be younger than the earth-bound brother when he returns.

**A**stonishing as these effects seem, they have all been verified. In designing nuclear accelerators, for example, scientists must take into account the fact that subatomic particles whipped to speeds approaching the velocity of light will appear to increase in mass. Furthermore, particles called muons, which at rest exist for only very short spans of time before decaying into other particles, are found to live far longer at high velocities.

Einstein published two other landmark reports in *Annalen der Physik* during 1905. One paper explained a laboratory curiosity called the photoelectric effect, which occurs when a light beam hits a metallic target and causes it to give off electrons. (This phenomenon makes possible a host of today's electronic gadgetry, ranging from electric-eye devices to TV picture tubes and

solar panels for spacecraft.) In this paper Einstein borrowed from a theory by German Physicist Max Planck, who had solved a vexing problem about the radiation of heat and light from hot objects by proposing that this radiant energy is carried off or absorbed in tiny packets, or quanta. Planck himself was dissatisfied with the theory, believing it contrary to nature, but Einstein enthusiastically seized it. He introduced the very revolutionary idea that light at times has the characteristics of particles (later named photons). These particles were knocking the electrons from the metal.

Before the scientific world could even begin to digest these assertions, the journal published still another communiqué from the young patent examiner. Einstein had devised an equation that accounted for Brownian motion, the random, zigzagging movements of microscopic particles within liquids (named after the Scottish botanist Robert Brown, who first observed it in 1827). Einstein suggested that the specks were being jostled by molecules in the liquid, an idea that finally convinced many early 20th century skeptics of the atomic nature of matter.

In his second relativity paper, the final report published in 1905, Einstein used relativity's mathematics as well as ideas from his photoelectric paper to make a historic deduction: if a body gives off an amount of energy ( $E$ ) in the form of light, its mass will be reduced by that amount divided by the speed of light squared ( $m=E/c^2$ ). From there it was only one short algebraic step, but a giant intellectual leap, to a more daring conclusion: that mass and energy are not only equivalent but interchangeable. That idea was contained in a far more famous equation published two years later:  $E=mc^2$ . This said in effect that even a small amount of matter held the explosive power of tons of TNT, which opened the door to the nuclear age. It also eventually explained why the sun could burn for so many billions of years while not shrinking appreciably in size.

Einstein's awesome output in that miracle year of 1905 was as astounding as its implications. In fact, nothing quite like it had occurred since 1666, when Newton, at 23, had left Cambridge and taken refuge in Lincolnshire from the bubonic plague and in that isolation studied the spec-

Albert Einstein  
Old Grove Rd.  
Pasadena, California  
August 2nd, 1939

Sirs,

Some recent work by E. Fermi and L. Szilard, which has been communicated to me in manuscript, leads me to expect that the element uranium may be turned into a new and important source of energy in the immediate future. Certain aspects of the situation which has arisen seem to call for watchfulness and, if necessary, quick action on the part of the Administration. I believe therefore that it is my duty to bring to your attention the following facts and recommendations:

In the course of the last four months it has been made probable - through the work of Joliot in France as well as Fermi and Szilard in America - that it may become possible to set up a nuclear chain reaction in a large mass of uranium, by which vast amounts of power and large quantities of new radium-like elements would be generated. Now it appears almost certain that this could be achieved in the immediate future.

This new phenomenon would also lead to the construction of bombs.

I have discussed this with several American physicists.

I understand that Germany has actually stopped the sale of uranium from the Czechoslovakian mines which she has taken over. That she should have taken such early action might perhaps be understood on the ground that the son of the German Under-Secretary of State, von Weizsäcker, is attached to the Kaiser-Wilhelm-Institut in Berlin where some of the American work on uranium is now being repeated.

Yours very truly,  
Albert Einstein

Letter to Roosevelt warning of possible Nazi A-bomb



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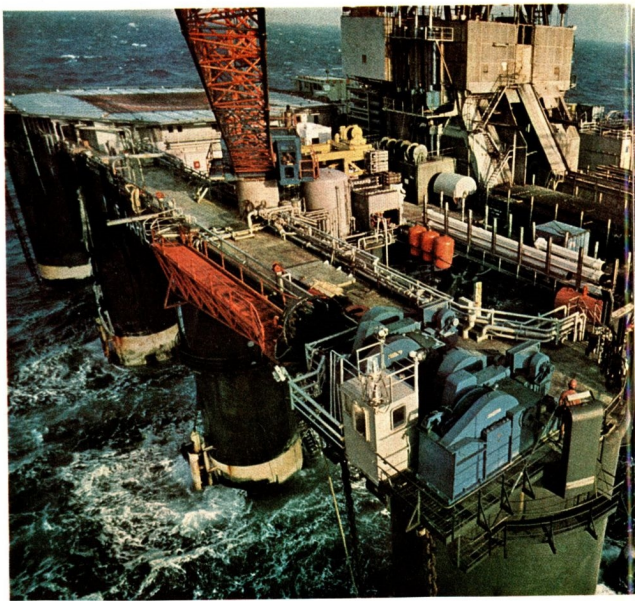
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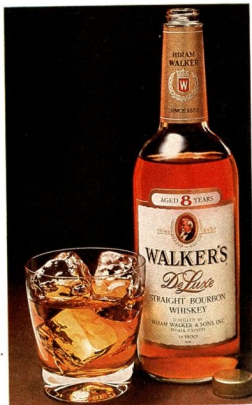
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AGED **8** YEARS



trum of light, invented calculus and laid the groundwork for his universal theory of gravitation and motion.

After seven years Einstein at last emerged from the patent office and won a succession of academic posts in Prague and Zurich. Finally, on the eve of World War I, in spite of his distaste for Germany's pervasive militarism, he accepted a professorship at the University of Berlin and an appointment to the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute as head of a newly created center for theoretical physics.

The move had some bitter consequences. After the outbreak of hostilities, Einstein, a socialist and pacifist, was one of four German intellectuals who signed a manifesto condemning the war. His wife and their two sons had returned to Switzerland. Within a few years the separation led to divorce. In a characteristic gesture of generosity, Einstein had agreed to give the money from his anticipated Nobel Prize to his family. (The \$30,000 prize was finally announced in 1922—for his photoelectric theory. Relativity, still not universally accepted among scientists, was only hinted at in the Nobel citation.) Shortly after the divorce, Einstein married his widowed cousin Elsa.

Meanwhile, Einstein's restless mind had turned from special relativity's uniform motion to the greater complexities of accelerated movements. These are motions involving changes in velocity: as when the earth's gravity draws an object toward the ground, the object's ve-



locity increases by 9.8 meters (32 ft.) per second each second. Einstein took an approach entirely different from Newton. The 17th century master had noted what seemed to be a remarkable coincidence: gravity acted in the same way on all bodies, regardless of their mass. That could be shown by an apocryphal experiment of Galileo's in which objects of different weight dropped from the Tower of Pisa were said to strike the ground at virtually the same instant (any difference being due to air resistance). Einstein offered an explanation. Acceleration caused by gravity, he said, is indistinguishable

from that caused by other forces.

That proposition is Einstein's principle of equivalence. As usual, Einstein gave a graphic example. Consider a scientist riding in an elevator in space, far from the earth. The elevator is accelerating "upward" at a rate of 9.8 meters per second each second. As a result of his body's resistance to change in velocity (this inertia), the scientist's feet press against the floor just as they would if the elevator were at rest on the earth's surface. He has no way of telling whether the pull from below is gravitational or inertial.

Then what is gravity, this mysterious force that Newton believed exerted its influence instantaneously over the greatest distances? According to Einstein, it really is not a force at all, but a property of what came to be called space-time. In this world picture, the universe is shaped by the three spatial dimensions of ordinary experience, plus the added dimension of time—one that cannot be described by the sacred Euclidean geometry of Einstein's youth. In his search for a new "metric" to describe space-time, Einstein again turned to his old friend Grossmann, now a distinguished mathematician. Grossmann provided the necessary mathematical tool: an obscure non-Euclidean geometry (developed by the 19th century German mathematician Bernhard Riemann) that could accommodate Einstein's new four-dimensional world.

Tying everything neatly together in ten complex "field" equations, Einstein

## On the Human Side

*A prolific and engaging writer, Einstein in his long career corresponded with notables and ordinary people alike. At times he touched on matters of great moment, at other times on everyday things, like advising a young person on a career choice. In a small centennial volume, Albert Einstein, The Human Side (Princeton University Press, \$8.95), his onetime collaborator Banesh Hoffmann and his former secretary Helen Dukas have mined some nuggets from his letters in the master's archives at Princeton. A sampler:*

**On his world renown:** With fame I become more and more stupid, which, of course, is a very common phenomenon. There is far too great a disproportion between what one is and what others think one is. With me, every peep becomes a trumpet solo.

**To a student having troubles in school:** Do not worry about your difficulties in mathematics; I can assure you that mine are still greater.

**On idle hours:** When I have no special problem to occupy my mind, I love to reconstruct proofs of mathematical and physical theorems that have long been known to me. There is no goal in this, merely an opportunity to indulge in the pleasant occupation of thinking.

**On the quest for truth:** I know from my own painful searching, with its many blind alleys, how hard it is to take a reliable step, be it ever so small, towards the understanding of that which is truly significant.

**On his motivations:** My scientific work is motivated by an irresistible longing to understand the secrets of nature and by no other feelings. My love for justice and the striving to contribute towards the improvement of human conditions are quite independent from my scientific interests.

**On scientists and prayer:** Everyone who is seriously involved in the pursuit of science becomes convinced that a spirit is manifest in the laws of the Universe—a spirit vastly superior to that of man, and one in the face of which we with our modest powers must feel humble.

**To a youngster who apologized for being female:** I do not mind that you are a girl, but the main thing is that you yourself do not mind. There is no reason for it.

**To a psychoanalyst who wanted to psychoanalyze him:** I regret that I cannot accede to your request, because I should like very much to remain in the darkness of not having been analyzed.

**To youngsters who gave him a present:** Your gift will be an appropriate suggestion to be a little more elegant in the future than hitherto. Because neckties and cuffs exist for me only as remote memories.

**To a young relative who missed him during a visit:** I hear that you are dissatisfied because you did not see your uncle Einstein. Let me therefore tell you what I look like: pale face, long hair, and a tiny beginning of a paunch. In addition an awkward gait, and a cigar in the mouth—if he happens to have a cigar—and a pen in his pocket or his hand. But crooked legs and warts he does not have, and so he is quite handsome ... It is indeed a pity that you did not see me.

## Science

in 1916 published his general relativity theory. Unlike the special theory, it had almost no immediate intellectual predecessors. Even today, scientists marvel at the mental processes Einstein used to develop it. Says Nobel Laureate Physicist Richard Feynman of Caltech: "I still can't see how he thought of it."

Hard as it is to visualize, Einstein's curved four-dimensional space-time "continuum" is often likened to a suspended rubber sheet stretched taut but deformed wherever heavy objects—stars, galaxies or any other matter—are placed on it. Thus, according to Einstein, a massive body like the sun curves the space-time around it. The planets, instead of being held in their elliptical orbits around the sun by the force of gravity, move along the curved pathways of space-time.



Cycling near Palm Springs, Calif., in 1933  
Only with mathematical scribbles.

To prove his dumbfounding theories, Einstein first used the field equations to clear up a puzzling anomaly in the orbital motion of the planet Mercury. Over a century, the point closest to the sun in Mercury's elliptical orbit moves 43 seconds of arc more than Newtonian mechanics dictated that it should. Scientists had been unable to explain this difference. But when the Einstein equations were applied to Mercury's orbit, they precisely accounted for the extra 43 seconds of arc.

In another thought experiment, Einstein imagined that his hypothetical elevator, accelerating at a tremendous rate, was traveling at close to the speed of light. In that case, a beam of light entering through a hole in the wall would appear to a scientist inside the elevator to bend down in an arc and exit at a lower point on the opposite wall. Reason: even as the

light moves across the elevator, the elevator is moving "up." But the scientist inside, aware only that his feet are pressing on the floor (because of the acceleration), assumes that gravity is bending the beam. The experiment suggested—and Einstein's equations showed—that gravity would indeed curve light.

It was a test of this effect, expanded from the hypothetical elevator into a global picture by his field equations, that finally brought Einstein worldwide attention. General relativity indicated that when light from a distant star passes very close to the sun on its way to earth, it should be deflected by solar gravity, thereby shifting the star's position in the sky. The amount of shift, Einstein calculated, should be 1.75 seconds of arc—a small variation, but one discernible by astronomers of the day. But how could astronomers photograph a star nearly in line with the sun when it would certainly be obscured by sunlight? Answer: during a total eclipse. On May 29, 1919, during an eclipse expedition to the island of Principe off the West African coast, the British astronomer Arthur Eddington found deflections in starlight that almost matched Einstein's prediction. Later, when Einstein was asked what he would have concluded if no bending had been detected, he replied: "Then I would have been sorry for the dear Lord—the theory is correct."

In a world still reeling from a bloody war, the thought that a single man, working only with mathematical scribbles, could reorder the universe seemed just short of miraculous. Newspapers and magazines clamored for interviews. Einstein was besieged by lecture invitations, received by presidents and kings and given tumultuous welcomes by throngs from Tokyo to Manhattan. Popular books were written to explain the mysteries of relativity. Still, the theory was difficult, its mathematics decipherable by only a tiny part of the scientific priesthood. Asked if it were true that only three people understood the subject, Eddington jokingly countered, "I'm trying to think who the third person is."

Einstein soon found himself embroiled in controversy. Some churchmen perceived his theory, which did not rely on the old Newtonian absolutes, as an attack on religion. Boston's Cardinal O'Connell charged that relativity was "cloaked in the ghastly apparition of atheism." For a rabbi who asked him frankly if he believed in God, Einstein recalled a famous Jewish apostate: "I believe in Spinoza's God, who reveals himself in the orderly harmony of all that exists, not in the God who concerns himself with fates and actions of human beings."

It was easy to see why Einstein aroused ire. Revolutionary in nature, his ideas about space and time collided directly with ancient prejudices and seemed to contradict everyday experience. In ad-

dition, there were his outspoken antinationalism and, ironically in light of his own lack of belief in formal religion, the fact that he was a Jew. But criticism abroad was muted compared with that in Germany, where Jews were being made the scapegoats for loss of the war and Einstein's pacifism was bitterly remembered. Einstein and his "Jewish physics" became the object of increasingly scurrilous denunciations. Fellow German scientists turned their backs on him—with the notable exception of a few men like Planck. Shortly after Hitler took over in 1933, Einstein, who was abroad at the time, accepted a post at the newly created Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton and never returned to Germany.

Despite his public activities, Einstein managed to push ahead with his sci-



Sailing at Saranac Lake, N.Y., in 1936  
Deeply troubled by uncertainty.

tific work. In 1917 he completed a paper of considerable import for all of physics: it not only laid down the basic principle of the laser some 40 years before the first such device was made but, more broadly, also advanced quantum theory. In addition, Einstein contributed significantly to the rebirth of cosmology, the study of the origin, history and shape of the universe. The Dutch astronomer Willem de Sitter and later the Russian scientist Alexander Friedmann had concluded that Einstein's equations pointed to an unstable universe—possibly an expanding one. Because such a changing, dynamic universe was totally at odds with the popular picture of the heavens portrayed by most astronomers, Einstein had opted for a stable, unchanging universe; he had managed that feat with a mathematical sleight of hand that involved what he called the cosmo-

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## Science

logical constant. A decade later, after the American astronomer Edwin Hubble had shown that the distant galaxies were all receding from one another and that the universe was indeed expanding, Einstein reversed himself and accepted the fact toward which his original equations had pointed. The cosmological constant, he allowed, was the worst mistake of his scientific career.

But he was stubborn on other scientific issues. As he admitted in his later years: "I have become an obstinate heretic in the eyes of my colleagues. In Princeton, they consider me an old fool." He had earned this new reputation by his continued objections to what had become the basic conceptual tool for studying atomic structure: quantum mechanics, a statistical way of looking at the atom that Einstein himself had helped develop by using Planck's quanta to explain the nature of light.

Nowadays physicists rank quantum mechanics alongside relativity as one of the twin pillars of their science. But at its heart is an almost philosophical aspect that deeply troubled Einstein. It is the uncertainty principle, which says, for example, that it is impossible to tell both the exact position and the momentum of a single atomic particle—an electron, say—because the very act of observing disturbs it. Only by statistical means (like those used to determine probability in dice or poker) can a scientist predict what the results of such an experiment will be.

**E**instein, who had helped revolutionize 20th century physics, now was resisting the revolution's latest turn. To him, quantum mechanics was fundamentally incomplete. Nature, he was sure, operated by strict rules that scientists could uncover. But because of the role of probability in quantum mechanics, Einstein felt that it failed to meet his crucial standard. The universe, he insisted, could not operate on chance. Causality had to exist. Again and again, he would say such things as "God does not play dice." Exasperated, the Danish physicist Niels Bohr, Einstein's friendly adversary, finally replied, "Stop telling God what to do."

Einstein, however, was determined to go his own way. Despite criticism he spent much of the second half of his life pursuing the development of what scientists call a unified field theory. In Einstein's time, this meant an all encompassing mathematical construct that would unite under a single set of equations not only gravity but also electromagnetism. Since then the task has become even more difficult, with the discovery of two other basic forces: the nuclear forces. Most physicists thought Einstein's lonely quest was hopeless, and in fact he never succeeded. But Einstein was convinced such

a basic harmony and simplicity existed in nature.

Even after the pace of Einstein's career slowed and his resistance to quantum mechanics earned him the scorn of some scientists, he still epitomized science in the public eye. As Carl Sagan notes, his example inspired numerous Depression-era youngsters to choose scientific careers. His persona and pronouncements became legends. Asked why he used one soap for washing as well as shaving, he replied, "Two soaps? That is too complicated." Even when receiving visitors like David Ben-Gurion (who later offered him the presidency of Israel), Einstein often would be tireless and sockless. Recalls Physicist-Biographer Banesh Hoffmann, who worked with Einstein: "He never



tried to show you how clever he was. He always made you feel comfortable."

Einstein had enormous powers of concentration. When the wind died down while he was out sailing, he would whip out his notebook and do his calculations. Stymied by a thorny problem, he would tell his colleagues in accented English, "Now I will a little tink," pace slowly up and down, while twirling a lock of his unruly hair, or perhaps puff on his pipe, then suddenly erupt in a smile and announce a solution. Interrupted by parades of visitors to his Mercer Street house, he could resume his work almost as soon as they stepped out of his second-floor study. Recalls British Author C.P. Snow: "Meeting him in old age was rather like being confronted by the Second Isaiah—even though he retained traces of a rollicking, disrespectful common humanity and had given up wearing socks."

In 1939, when Einstein's fellow refugees Leo Szilard and Eugene Wigner

learned that German scientists had managed to split the atom, they sought Einstein's help. Einstein himself may have had only the faintest idea of the recent progress in nuclear physics, but after a briefing by Szilard and Wigner he agreed to write a letter to President Roosevelt alerting him to the possibility that the Nazis might try to make an atomic bomb. That letter is popularly credited (though its precise effect is unclear) with helping to persuade Roosevelt to order up the Manhattan Project, which produced the first atomic weapons.

**L**ater, when A-bombs exploded over Hiroshima and Nagasaki, Einstein expressed deep regret. After the war, he apologized personally—and in tears—to visiting Japanese Physicist Hideki Yukawa. On another occasion, he said, "Had I known that the Germans would not succeed in developing an atomic bomb, I would have done nothing for the bomb."

In his final years Einstein was an outspoken foe of McCarthyism, which he felt was an echo of the turbulent events that had preceded the downfall of Germany's Weimar Republic. He urged intellectuals to defy what he considered congressional inquisitions, even at the risk of "jail and economic ruin." He was widely denounced, and Senator Joseph McCarthy called him "an enemy of America." In his last public act, Einstein joined Bertrand Russell and other scholars in a desperate plea for a ban on all warfare.

British Science Writer Nigel Calder says that "the Einstein honored in later generations expired long before—in 1919." That is, to some extent, true, although work by Physicists Steven Weinberg of Harvard and Abdus Salam of London's Imperial College of Science and Technology suggests that Einstein's dream of a unified field theory may some day be realized. There is also a glimmer in the esoteric new work on such baffling mathematical concepts as "supergravity" and "twistors" of possibly achieving a union of Einstein's beloved relativity and the quanta that he so distrusted.

However that quest may turn out, the father of relativity remains a moving figure, a 20th century Newton who set physics aflame and left an intellectual legacy so rich and profound that its depth is still a source of amazement and discovery. Yet Einstein, for his part, never lost sight of the humanity that new knowledge should serve. Says Einstein's executor, Economist Otto Nathan: "Even if he had never done science at all, he would have been one of the memorable figures of the century." That may be the exaggeration of a loyal friend. But as a centennial assessment, it is, relatively speaking, not entirely off the mark. ■

# Medicine

## No More "Battered" Patients

Blue Cross urges curb on hospital lab tests

The routine is familiar to virtually everyone who has ever checked into a hospital. Almost as soon as the patient slips into a hospital gown, he or she faces the standard diagnostic assault. Aptly known in medical jargon as the admission battery, it includes such procedures as a chest X ray, electrocardiogram, blood-cell count, blood-chemistry analysis, venereal-disease test and urinalysis.

Now all that may soon change. Last week the national medical-insurance organization Blue Cross-Blue Shield, which pays medical bills for 112 million Americans, announced that it would pick up the tab for such tests only if the patient's physician specifically ordered them.

This change of policy, which should go into effect within about a year, comes amid increasing criticism that hospital tests are being overused and thus contributing substantially to the nation's skyrocketing medical-care bill, now a whopping \$182 billion. The recommendation is part of a sweeping Blue Cross-Blue Shield program designed to keep the insurance premiums at current levels. A year ago the



"Blues" stopped paying for 42 surgical procedures considered of doubtful value, saving an estimated \$27.4 million a year. This year they plan to phase out payment for 26 obsolete laboratory tests. But the admissions tests, primarily those done on nonsurgical patients, are where the

Blues expect to save the most money. Some \$2.4 billion is now spent annually in the U.S. on the "batteries"—37 million hospital admissions at an average of \$66 per patient. By making them optional, Blue Cross-Blue Shield could save hundreds of millions of dollars a year.

Instituting the economies will not be easy. As Walter J. McNerney, national Blue Cross-Blue Shield president, explains, "Doctors must change their practices." Trouble is, in recent years the trend has been toward more tests. Fearing malpractice suits, many physicians defensively order diagnostic tests simply to get them on the record even if they provide no information that will affect the patient's care. Also, with the introduction of expensive new diagnostic devices like computerized X-ray scanners, many doctors have come to equate good medicine with extensive use of such procedures.

But many in the medical community agree with the Blues' campaign that less is more. Says Dr. Robert Moser, executive vice president of the American College of Physicians, a consultant on the program: "Good medical practice is more economical. The burden is on the physician to order diagnostic tests with parsimony. A rifle, not a shotgun, approach should be used."

## Euroblood Glut?

Dependency worries

It is as vital to the body as oil is to the U.S. economy. Demand for it is on the rise, and it is, quite literally, providing Americans with a shot in the arm from abroad. That precious and increasingly controversial commodity is "Euroblood," the slightly irreverent nickname for the growing quantities of red blood cells collected from donors in Europe and transfused into patients in the U.S.

The Euroblood traffic began in the early 1970s when many U.S. cities began reducing their purchases of blood from paid donors, often Skid Row derelicts, for fear of spreading hepatitis. To replace these old sources, Dr. Aaron Kellner, director of the New York Blood Center in Manhattan, decided to turn for help to Europe, notably Switzerland, West Germany and Belgium, which had blood to spare because of their different approach to blood collecting.

In the U.S., blood centers meet most of their need for blood plasma, the liquid portion of the blood—which is important in the treatment of burns and other


traumatic injuries—by a separation process called plasmapheresis. In it, blood is drawn from a donor, the plasma is extracted, and the red blood cells (which carry oxygen and are given to surgical patients to make up for their blood losses) are infused back into the donor. By contrast, most European blood centers simply collect the whole blood and separate the plasma and red cells. Because they use more plasma than red cells, they routinely throw away thousands of red-cell units each year.

In 1973 the New York Blood Center imported some 22,000 units of "discarded" European red blood cells. By last year, the center was acting as well for other large U.S. cities, including Los Angeles, Chicago, Pittsburgh and New Orleans, and the volume increased nearly twelvefold. Though Euroblood represents only a small portion of the ten million units of blood now needed in the U.S. each year, many doctors think this volume is already too high. German-born Dr. Klaus Mayer, director of New York's Memorial Hospital Blood Bank, points out that "the impetus for collecting blood in our communities becomes blunted as reliance on imported blood increases." Easy access to Euroblood may also encourage in-

efficiency and waste. Dr. Aaron Josephson, director of the Chicago Red Cross, believes that as much as 20% of all blood must be discarded by blood banks because it is now handled too slowly. After 21 days, blood cells are no longer fresh enough for transfusion into patients.

Another objection: Euroblood may not always be available. Last month a severe cold wave in Europe kept donors home and cut shipments by 20%. Also, some Europeans, like the German magazine *Stern*, are having second thoughts about the blood traffic. Warns Dr. Shelley Brown of the Council of Hospital Blood Bank Directors in New York City: "For anything as vital as blood, it's unwise to become overly dependent on a supply that you cannot control."

The New York Blood Center, too, says that it wants to phase out the imports. But a total halt may take five years or longer. Sooner or later, though, Americans will have to learn that Euroblood, like Middle Eastern oil, is not an inexhaustible resource. Says Dr. Irene Roelckel, director of a blood bank in Lexington, Ky.: "The impact of Euroblood is to cover the national shame of not enough Americans lying down and donating blood."



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## Medicine

### That Baby Again

*More on the test-tube birth*

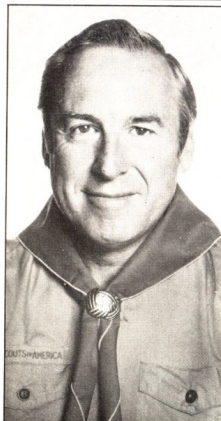
**A**fter the birth of the world's first test-tube baby in Britain last July 25, little Louise Brown's scientific godfathers, Gynecologist Patrick Steptoe and Physiologist Robert Edwards, were sharply criticized by some American colleagues for failing to reveal all the details of their pioneering work. Last week Steptoe put the critics to rest. At a meeting in San Francisco of the American Fertility Society, the British researcher delivered an hour-long lecture on the birth of Baby Brown and other hitherto unpublished facets of the British pair's research. The talk had a dramatic effect. Rising to their feet, the 1,200 doctors and biomedical specialists gave Steptoe a rousing ovation. Said Society President Dr. S. Jan Behrman: "We now know what he did. No one can say that he fudged it."

In his presentation, Steptoe revealed that he and Edwards had made 32 attempts between November 1977 and August 1978 to implant embryos conceived in a laboratory dish into a mother's womb. Four pregnancies resulted from these implants, but only two led to the birth of healthy children—Louise Brown and, on Jan. 14 in Scotland, Alastair Montgomery. Both were premature, Steptoe said, but now are "flourishing, normal babies."

The other two pregnancies were ended by spontaneous abortions. One occurred as late as the 20th week of pregnancy, apparently as a result of an accidental rupture of the membranes surrounding the infant. The baby boy was normal but not yet mature enough to live outside the womb. He died two hours later. The other abortion took place at eleven weeks because of a fatal chromosomal, or genetic, abnormality in the fetus.

Steptoe believes the premature births of the two living children and the loss of the other two babies are not related to the method of conception. He notes that the mothers were under tremendous stress and that the chromosomal imbalance occurs in naturally conceived pregnancies as well. Hence, while he acknowledges that test-tube fertilization needs further refining, he says that "the method is no longer experimental. It is ready for clinical application."

U.S. doctors have thus far been stalled in undertaking similar research under what amounts to a five-year-old federal moratorium on such experiments with human eggs and sperm. But soon the researchers may be allowed to get back to work. An ethics advisory board appointed by HHS Secretary Joseph Califano has tentatively agreed that the ban should be lifted and proposed guidelines for the work. The board will take a formal vote on its recommendations next month. ■



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Tom Harvey (Georg Stanford Brown) charges through jeering crowd after failing Jim Crow literacy test

## Television

### A Super Sequel to Haley's Comet

*Roots: The Next Generations. ABC. In seven parts beginning Feb. 18*



A family rite: young Alex is held to the sky

**T**he first time around, no one saw it coming.

When the first episode of *Roots* aired on Jan. 23, 1977, there were no signs that a phenomenon was in the making. Not only had ABC's mini-series been dismissed in advance by many TV critics, but it had already been rated as a long shot by the programmers and admen who run network television. Up to the last minute there were plenty of commercial spots for sale on *Roots*. ABC itself projected only a passable 28% to 31% share of the audience for the show; CBS and NBC concurred, scheduling only routine fare against it. Not for the first time, Television Row's conventional wisdom was completely wrong.

By the end of its seven-night run, *Roots* had piled up an average 66% audience share—some 130 million viewers—and become the most watched TV program ever. It also galvanized the country. Suddenly both the history of slavery and genealogy were national obsessions. Theaters and restaurants emptied out during the show; hundreds of colleges started *Roots* courses; the National Archives in Washington found itself flooded by citizens' requests for information about their ancestors. Writer Alex Haley, whose search for his African heritage had led to the book that led to *Roots*, became a folk hero. A TV smash hit became a cultural landmark.

Now, a scant two years later, ABC is at-



A veteran comes home to a race riot

tempting to make lightning strike twice—and now everyone is on the alert. When *Roots: The Next Generations* opens its seven-night run on Sunday, Feb. 18, both audiences and the TV industry will be judging the offspring against its towering parent. Expectations are running high. Commercial time has been sold out for weeks, at \$210,000 to \$260,000 a minute (compared with \$120,000 to \$150,000 for *Roots I*). The series has already been sold to 20 countries. CBS and NBC will not be caught napping again; their fierce counterprogramming gambits have turned *Roots II* week into one of the most competitive ratings races in TV history. Should ABC be vanquished, the failure would be a colossal embarrassment: budgeted at \$16.6 million and running 14 hours, *Roots II* is nearly three times as costly as and two hours longer than the original.

On the quality of the show itself, ABC has nothing to worry about. In almost every way—acting, direction, dramatic and historical sophistication—the sequel is superior. Like *Roots I*, *Roots: The Next Generations* is not art or, for that matter, definitive history, but it is a show-biz tour de force. An exceedingly clever and affecting soap opera, *Roots II* manages to play on the most basic sentimental feelings about democratic ideals and familial love. When, in the final hours, the tale turns to Alex Haley's career, it also becomes an irresistible American success story. Taken as a whole, *Roots II* is a compendium of pop culture: it mixes elements of *Gone With the Wind*, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, *March of Time* newsreels, Horatio Alger stories and even *Fiddler on the Roof*. The show has its lapses, but they are amusing rather than offensive. When Episode Six inexplicably dramatizes the young Haley's first visit to a brothel, it is time to take a break and send out for pizza. This too is a legitimate part of the fun of any fully satisfying TV viewing experience.

*Roots II* begins in 1882, twelve years after the close of *Roots I*, and ends in 1967, the year Alex Haley went to Africa to search for traces of his ancestor Kunta Kinte. In the hours between, the show charts the lives of four generations of the author's family. The first segment ends with the death of Kunta Kinte's grandson, Chicken George (Avon Long); by the final episode the viewer has briefly seen Haley's own children. As before, public events are dramatized in terms of their effect on one black family. But the post-Civil War history covered by *Roots II* is less melodramatic than the slavery era chronicled in *Roots I*. As Producer Stan Margulies, 58, explained to TIME Correspondent Robert Goldstein: "If the first series was about the struggle for freedom, this *Roots* is about the struggle for equality. There is a big but subtle difference. None of us lived 200 years ago: you could watch the first



Harewood and Cara as Haley's parents



Brando (above), Freeman, Jones: stars in the series

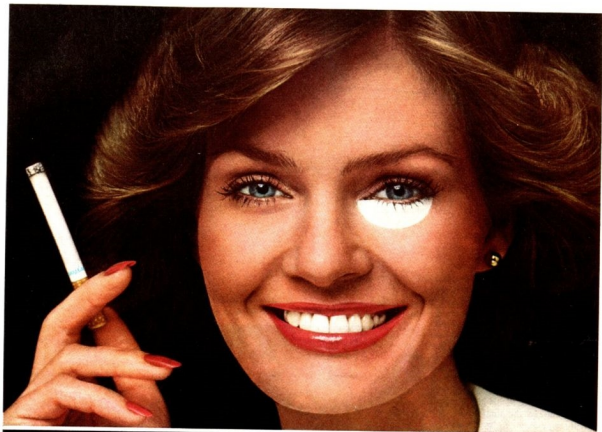


*Roots* and say 'I wouldn't act like that.' In the new group of shows, you have to look at yourself in the mirror."

Even for a 14-hour mini-series, *Roots II* covers a huge amount of ground. Haley's family members witness the rise of the Jim Crow South and the Ku Klux Klan, both World Wars, the race riots of the Wilson era and the hard times of the Depression. They endure the outright segregation of the Old South and the *de facto* segregation of the modern North. They contend with racist military officers, hypocritical white liberals, and Uncle Tom blacks. They wrestle with the political and sociological imperatives of such thinkers as Booker T. Washington, W.E.B. DuBois and Malcolm X. Yet intimate matters of life, love and death always come ahead of civics lessons or historical fine points. For all the success of *Roots I*, the show's creators have resisted the urge to become pompous and preachy in *Roots II*.

Instead, they offer a parade of fine actors in a series of theatrically powerful scenes. George Stanford Brown, returning as Chicken George's proud son, Tom Harvey, has a wrenching moment when he undergoes an insulting literacy test before a hostile audience of rednecks. Henry Fonda, as a relatively benign Southern aristocrat, breaks down and calls his son (Richard Thomas) a nigger when the boy marries a black (Fay Hauser). Paul Winfield, as a black college president, puts on a humiliating minstrel act to raise money from a socialite philanthropist (Dina Merrill). Ossie Davis and Brock Peters turn up as, respectively, a Pullman porter and a sharecropper, who risk their jobs to fight for economic equality. In his first TV performance, Marlon Brando appears in the final episode as American Nazi Party Leader George Lincoln Rockwell. When Haley (James Earl Jones) interviews him for *Playboy*, Brando devilishly sprays his office with disinfectant and sings racist jingles.

All these characters are woven into a plot that courts coincidence and irony with Dickensian abandon. Estranged parents and children always reunite around an elder's deathbed; newborn babies are always held up to a starry sky in emulation of Kunta Kinte's original African ritual. The story's backbone and much of its meaning can be found in the loving relationships of Haley's grandparents (Stan Shaw and Beverleigh Banfield) and parents (Dorian Harewood and Irene Cara). Since these ancestors, unlike those of *Roots I*, were never slaves, *Roots II* is able to dramatize normal black middle-class life—at home, work, college and war. For TV viewers weaned on *The Jeffersons*, their lives may come as a revelation. *Roots II* shows blacks sharing the same heartbreaks, career ambitions and class conflicts as whites. A subplot about a Russian Jewish merchant (George Voskovec) in the South also sets up parallels between blacks and foreign immigrants as both



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## Television

groups deal with the problem of assimilation into American culture. But *Roots II* does not try to turn blacks into dark-skinned whites. When Haley's forebears enter middle-class professions, and even the Republican Party, they still cling to the litany of African words passed down by Kunta Kinte and keep alive the harsh legacy of slavery. The blacks of *Roots II* are different from whites, and they are proud of that difference.

Such subtleties are far removed from the oversimplifications that characterize *Roots I*. "The first series was a different kind of storytelling," says ABC Vice President Brandon Stoddard, who developed both series at ABC. "The design then was good guys vs. bad guys, and there were no white good guys. In *Roots II* we're concerned with the hangover of slavery, the scars. There's less hitting the audience over the head. It's no longer 'Wow, look what we did to those people!' Now the show is about connecting with the emotional problems of Alex Haley's family."

At first the design of *Roots: The Next Generations* was not nearly so clear as it is now. Right after the airing of *Roots I*, Stoddard, Margulies and Executive Producer David Wolper were reluctant to make a sequel. Little by little, however, they started exploring the possibilities: Haley began dictating family recollections into a tape recorder to expand the 40-page modern section of his book. Once Haley had spilled 1,000 pages of memories, Television Writer Ernest Kinoy (*The Defenders*, *Playhouse 90*) got to work on a "bible" for the show. Kinoy turned on a 350-page outline, and ABC gave the go-ahead for the production.

It was a mammoth undertaking. "Each show is like a period movie made in 18 days," explains John Erman, who directed three episodes. The sets are lavish and the money was intelligently spent. Interiors have accurate period furnishings and products. Such minor locations as a 1930s gas station, where young Alex is barred from the men's room, are as full of vivid details as the Dust Bowl sets in *Bonnie and Clyde*. At a cost of \$1.8 million, ABC built the town of Henning, Tenn., where Haley's family settled at the end of *Roots I*, and updated its streets and buildings for each decade. Though the African sequences and World War I battles were shot in California (at the Los Angeles Arboretum and in Valencia), the sanitized sitcom look of *Roots I*'s much criticized African sets is gone.

Once again *Roots*' producers recruited a largely black crew for the show, as well as some black directors (Actor George Stanford Brown, Yale Drama School's newly appointed dean, Lloyd Richards). A conscious and highly successful effort was made to upgrade the level of acting, black and white. "The first time we were going to give you every reason to watch the show by loading the cast with TV

stars," says Stoddard. "This time we put a greater emphasis on performance." Once the actors arrived on the set, they worked hard and fast. Harewood, 28, an actor of enormous range who ages 50 years in the lengthy role of Alex's father, had to get by on three hours' sleep to keep up with memorizing his lines. Says he: "That constant struggle alone made me look 20 years older."

The sequel's producers had virtually no trouble recruiting the cast they wanted. Some prominent athletes—Decathlon Champion Rafer Johnson and former U.S.C. Running Back Anthony Davis—volunteered to play minor roles. Café Pianist-Singer Bobby Short flew to Los Angeles on a few days' notice to play himself in an early 1960s literary party scene. The biggest coups by far were the casting of James Earl Jones and Marlon Brando. Jones had originally been lined up to play Chicken George in *Roots I*. Had he done

have two days, three days or whatever it takes." Rather nervously, the producer put his foot down, saying that he could only afford one day of Brando. The actor went into a sulking, took a long pause, and then announced: "In that case I'm going to ask a question I've never asked in my entire career. How early can I start?"

Brando started at 7:45 a.m. and finished eleven hours later, feeling exhilarated. "I don't believe it," he said. "I've never done eight pages [of script] in one day." Margulies was also exuberant. "Working with Brando," he says, "was as improbable as having spent some time with the tooth fairy."

The creators of *Roots II* have only one remaining wish, and it cannot be granted by the tooth fairy. The wish, of course, is for high ratings. ABC research predicts an audience within six share points of *Roots I*, but other network observers feel that Haley's comet could sputter slightly this



Jones discovers Ancestor Kunta Kinte's tribe in 1967

"You old African! I found you! I found you! I found you!..."

so, he would not have been usable as Haley in *Roots II*. But Jones pulled out of the first series because of a scheduling conflict and was available this time. That was lucky: with his natural air of authority, easy warmth and physical resemblance to Haley, this actor was the only obvious candidate for the show's crucial role.

Brando's entrance into *Roots II* began when he called the real-life Haley out of the blue. "I'd never met the man," says Haley. "He told me that I performed a great service for people with my book and that, in appreciation, he'd like to take a part in the film." But what part? Brando told Margulies, "I want to play a small but startling role. I want to be on long enough so that people will say, yes, that's really Marlon up there. But not too long, because I don't want that much work." Yet once Brando agreed to play Rockwell, he wanted to add more dialogue to enhance the scene. At rehearsal he confronted Margulies. "I want to know right now," Brando demanded, "why we can't

time out. While the original *Roots* aired during a tame ratings period, *Roots II* appears at the peak of a Nielsen "sweeps" month, the all important period that determines advertising rates charged by network affiliate stations. NBC and CBS are spending \$2 million each to combat *Roots II*'s premiere with first-run showings of, respectively, *American Graffiti* and *Marathon Man*. Later in the week, NBC's Fred Silverman will combat *Roots* with the final episodes of his own mini-series, *Backstairs at the White House* and a remake for TV of *From Here to Eternity*. Says one TV producer, noting the options: "Freddie literally risks ripping families apart when he programs the way he does against *Roots*."

If there is any night when *Roots II* sets a new audience record, it is likely to be Sunday, Feb. 25, when the final episode goes up against a re-run of *The Sound of Music* (NBC) and *Celebrity Challenge of the Sexes* (CBS). The victory would be just, for the last two hours of *Roots: The*

## Television

*Next Generations* are about as good as television gets. Besides containing the 8½-minute Brando-Jones confrontation, this segment recounts Haley's collaboration with Malcolm X on the Black Muslim's classic autobiography. As played by Al Freeman Jr. and written (in nine drafts) by Kinoy, Malcolm is the first black radical ever to be portrayed as an intelligent, three-dimensional character on television.

It is Malcolm's obsession with his African roots—the "X" stands for his unknown African name—that drives Haley forward on his search for his forefather Kunta Kinte. What happened when Haley finally went to Africa has already passed into the American legend, but the reenactment of the scene at the end of *Roots II* still has strong impact. When a tribal oral historian, a *griot*, confirms the Haley family account of Kinte's capture by

white 18th century slave traders, Alex's joy is overwhelming. "You old African! I found you! I found you! I found you!" shouts out James Earl Jones, his voice bursting with sobs. The TV audience may well sob along with him. Now as before, *Roots* occupies a special place in the history of our mass culture: it has the singular power to reunite all Americans, black and white, with their separate and collective pasts. —Frank Rich

## View from the Whirlpool

Talking about where he has been in the past two frantic years, Alex Haley sounds like a gazetteer. Osaka, Paris, Tehran, Tel Aviv. They seem as familiar to him as stations on a commuter run in Connecticut. Then, listening to himself, he stops and smiles apologetically. "And to think that when I was growing up in Henning, Tennessee, it used to be a big deal to get a lift on a feed truck to Memphis!"

The phenomenal success of *Roots* has not so much changed Haley's life as it has obliterated it, giving him a new and often uncomfortable persona as if he were seeing himself in a strange, distorting mirror. "It's like a kaleidoscope, a whirlpool into which I've fallen," he says. "My feet are suspended above ground and I can't get a perch. For months at a time I average only four hours of sleep a night."

Haley can even pinpoint the moment his old world stopped. It was Jan. 31, 1977, the morning after the last episode of *Roots* was aired. Many writers find their lives altered by a best-selling book, but perhaps no other writer in history, from Homer to Norman Mailer, has been hit so hard so suddenly with so great a success. *Roots* as a book was already a bestseller; then came the TV triumph, which sent hundreds of thousands of additional readers out to look for the book, making it the No. 1 nonfiction bestseller in 1977. After watching the final segment of the television version in New York, Haley went out to the airport to fly to Los Angeles. He was mobbed, and the airline attendant who came to his rescue told him, "You'll have to be pre-boarded from now on, sir. Your life will never be the same."

In fact, fame had been a long time coming. For years even Haley, who is now 57, did not know that he was a writer. He got only mediocre grades in high school, and after two years in a North Carolina teachers college he became a cook in the Coast Guard, where he stayed for 20 years. He started writing to relieve the boredom of life aboard ship, and when he left the service in 1959 he decided on even more hazardous duty, the life of the freelance journalist.

It was in London, on a writing assignment in 1964, that he conceived the idea of *Roots*. Looking at the British Museum's Rosetta Stone, which is the key to an understanding of ancient Egyptian hieroglyphs, he wondered if the strange African sounds his grandmother had passed on to him could somehow be the key to his own background. He discovered that they could, and he spent the next twelve years doing re-

search and writing, eventually tracing his own origins back seven generations to a young African by the name of Kunta Kinte.

If he had had money to hire researchers and typists, Haley believes he could have finished *Roots* in a third the time. But he is not bitter about the delay; he feels that he was paying his dues as a writer all those years. What does bother him is the three plagiarism suits that have dogged him ever since the book became a hit. Though two of them, both filed by the same claimant, were dismissed and are now being appealed, the third, brought by Harold Courlander, author of *The African*, is reported to have cost him \$500,000 in out-of-court settlement fees. "There were three paragraphs from the book that appeared verbatim in my notes," Haley admits, "and it was futile to try to defend myself. I honestly can't recall what was in my mind when I wrote something at 3 a.m. five years ago. The plaintiff's lawyers found the paragraphs on a piece of paper in one of several cartons of notes I had turned over to them. The material had been given to me by someone helping me research. My lawyer advised me to fight, but I was anxious to get back to what I do—write." He could afford to settle: *Roots* in its two forms, words and TV, has already brought him a sum that he will only say is "plural millions."

At the moment Haley is finishing up a book about the writing of *Roots* called *Search*, which is to be published in the spring of 1980. After that he wants to begin another book, probably about the islands of the Caribbean, an area that fascinates him because of its complicated mixture of races. Unfortunately, he complains, there is little time any more for Haley the writer. His mail arrives in giant, gray bags, and some 60 speaking invitations come in every month. He has a staff of two in Los Angeles to handle the traffic, but they are usually far behind.

Haley the private man scarcely exists at all, and outside of frequent phone calls to his three children, he does not have what might be called a personal life. Twice divorced, he spends much of his time going from one lecture to another. The chief virtue of his rented eight-room house in Cheviot Hills, in fact, seems to be that it is less than half an hour from the Los Angeles airport. Though he has a swimming pool in the backyard, he has been in it exactly twice. Still, Haley has found time to oversee the making of *Roots II*, and he is pleased by it. He particularly likes James Earl Jones, who plays Alex Haley. "Seeing myself on the screen was awesome. It wasn't fun watching myself losing my first wife and seeing how I was at fault, but I had to admit that it was true. I felt an obligation to be honest."



Haley with Gambian villagers in 1977

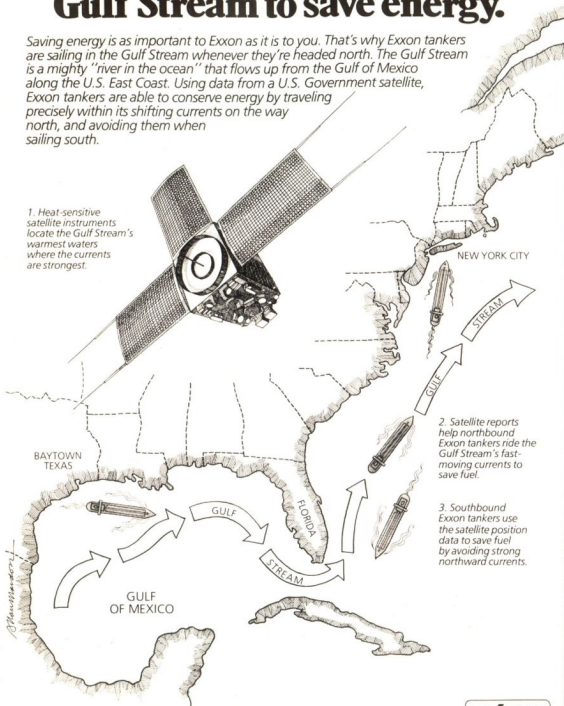
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President John F. Kennedy looks over the Berlin Wall into East Germany in June of 1963

JOHN DOMINI

## Books

### History Without a Hero

THE IDES OF AUGUST by Curtis Cate; Evans: 534 pages; \$15

The villain of a book is seldom an inanimate object. But in this case, the Berlin Wall qualifies for the role. If Curtis Cate's richly detailed, gripping history has a villain, however, it lacks a hero. For the author, a longtime commentator on European affairs and a biographer of George Sand and Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, strongly implies that the Wall would never have been built if the Western Allies had shown a little more sophistication and a little less fear.

*The Ides of August* is a kind of upstairs-downstairs drama. On the upper level, in full view, are the national leaders fitfully attempting to deal with the crisis of 1961. Obscured from public sight are the embattled East Berliners making a last attempt to escape before the Wall is completed. The contrast is sometimes too theatrical and may do less than justice to statesmen who must always improvise, but Cate sharply points up the courage demonstrated belowstairs that was so urgently needed on top.

He includes many poignant vignettes of Germans running, swimming, crawling to freedom or to death. Construction Worker Emil Goltz darts under a railway car, hanging between the wheels for miles. Two lovers appear to be ardently embracing by the Wall, but under cover

of the clinch, the man is hastily snipping the wire. When the gap is large enough, the lovers rush through followed by a group of friends who were hiding near by. Others, in scenes reminiscent of *The Spy Who Came In from the Cold*, perish within a few feet of the West, or are arrested and imprisoned because they seek to be reunited with their families.

The story of the Wall has been told before, but not with such cold fury. Cate paints an unflattering picture of President

John F. Kennedy and his advisers. They were, he claims, intimidated by Soviet Leader Nikita Khrushchev, who had been making grim references to a nuclear holocaust if the West did not get out of Berlin, where it had had a legal right to be since 1945. Beneath the bluster, however, Khrushchev was behaving cautiously. At first, he resisted East German Party Boss Walter Ulbricht's request to build the Wall. When the barrier was erected, Western leaders reacted with relief. They had been expecting much worse.

They maintained an air of indifference, acting as though the crisis might go away if they ignored it. "When I go to bed at night, I try not to think about Berlin," confessed Secretary of State Dean Rusk. A

### Excerpt

“As the old man rounded the corner, Willi came up to the barbed wire and shouted to him: ‘Father, Father, here quick—you must jump! Jump over to this side! We’re all waiting for you! Quick! Jump!’

But the father, although he recognized his son, stood rooted to the spot. The cancer that had been undermining his body seemed to have sapped his will as well.

Desperately Willi pleaded with him. ‘Quick! Jump! Jump! Mama is with us! She’s waiting for you!’

Tears started to trickle down the old man’s cheeks as at last he began to grasp the situation. But it was already too late. Briskly rounding the Friedrichstrasse corner, two Vopos came up and pushed him back from the barbed wire.

‘Leave my father alone!’ shouted Willi Schenck. ‘Leave him alone, or I’ll bash your goddamn heads in!’

The Vopos paid no heed as they shoved and prodded the old man.

”



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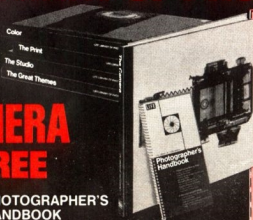
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## Books

few Administration officials dissented. They warned that letting Khrushchev get away with the Wall would only encourage further Soviet adventurism. James O'Donnell, who worked in the State Department's economic division, exploded at a meeting: "You and your crowd of mandarin idiots are trying to put a fourth color into the American flag!"

If Cate is not very kind to Kennedy's entourage, he is scathing on the subject of Lyndon Johnson. As Vice President, L.B.J. was sent by Kennedy to Berlin to demonstrate American concern. There was no way of telling that from Johnson's trip. Avoiding the Wall, the Vice President seemed to be mainly interested in gathering souvenirs. "Say, Mr. Mayor," he addressed Willy Brandt, "where did you get those spiffy shoes? I want a pair just like them." Brandt replied that he would be glad to oblige, but it was Sunday and the store was closed. The Vice President remonstrated: "What was that you said the other day in front of your city hall? That you wanted action, not words, from the Allies? Now how about a little action on your part?" Brandt got the message and Johnson got the shoes.

Kennedy finally sent someone of mettle to Berlin: General Lucius Clay, who had been military governor of the U.S. zone during the 1948-49 airlift. When the East Germans started harassing American officials entering their sector after the Wall was built, Clay ordered an armed escort to accompany the Americans through the checkpoint; then he brought up tanks to the border. The Soviets in turn sent their tanks to confront the Americans. For 16 tense hours, the two superpowers were thus nose to nose. Though White House advisers were rattled, Khrushchev finally backed down and withdrew his hardware. But the wrong lessons had been learned. Instead of rewarding Clay for his stalwart behavior, the White House thought he had exceeded his authority, and the general soon resigned his post.

By appearing to be weak when challenged, Cate feels, the U.S. gained less than nothing. There is considerable evidence that if American tanks had knocked down the Wall as soon as it was started, it never would have been completed. Once Khrushchev saw that it could be erected with minimum fuss, he was inspired to place nuclear missiles in Cuba. He reasoned that the removal of the missiles could be traded for the withdrawal of the U.S. from Berlin. Thus conditions were set for a more chilling confrontation. The events of Cate's account are almost 18 years old, but neither the tragedy nor the warning has aged. *The Ides of August* is a reminder that power remains a key factor in the conduct of foreign policy; without it, this book makes clear, the U.S. cannot remain secure in a world where every sign of weakness is ruthlessly exploited. —Edwin Warner

## Murder at Woo Poo

DRESS GRAY

by Lucian K. Truscott IV  
Doubleday; 489 pages; \$10.95

The offspring of heroes often choose between emulation and rejection. In the category of the overreaching emulator, consider George S. Patton III. As an Army colonel in 1968, he sent out a Christmas card: a photograph of a pile of Vietnamese corpses, with the inscription "Peace on Earth." In the Oedipal upmanship of military dynasties, Patton's father, the ivory-pistoled mystic brute of World War II, was a tough act to follow.

Lucian K. Truscott IV also bears a refulgent military name. His grandfather, who affected pink riding breeches and a scarf of white parachute silk for combat wear, was a World War II general de-



Truscott as a cadet (1969) and today

Designed to offend the Point's machismo.

scribed as a fighter who "out-Pattoned Patton." Author Truscott's father is also a career military man, a West Pointer. Truscott IV, 31, has found a complicated way to deal with the family tradition. He graduated from the Point with a resolutely undistinguished record in 1969, then resigned his commission 13 months later in a row with his superiors. Truscott became a journalist—largely for the *Village Voice*—and bent politically somewhat to the left.

Now he has accomplished a lucrative but ambivalent sort of revenge upon the military. His first novel, which has earned \$1.4 million in paperback, movie, book-club and other sales, is the nastiest assault on West Point since Benedict Arnold tried to hand over its plans to the British. *Dress Gray* turns upon a conceit exquisitely designed to offend the rectilinear machismo of the Military Academy. It seems that there are inverters at the Point, Truscott writes. One, a model cadet named David Hand, turns up drowned, his body naked in Lake Popolopen and showing signs, in an autopsy, of recent homosexual activity. But Hand was an expert swimmer. Evi-

dence suggests he was murdered by another cadet, also homosexual.

The idea has great possibilities, but Truscott writes with the subtlety of a rifle butt. His villain, Charles Sherrill Hedges, commandant of cadets, is a pathologically ambitious martinet who tries to cover up the killing; his plan, an elaborate tangle of implausibility, is to make it look as if the academy's superintendent had ordered the cover-up. That done, Hedges can take over as the supe of what cadets call "Woo Poo." But Hedges reckons without Ry Slaughter, a second-classman who stumbles upon the truth and then besieges it for nearly 500 pages, like Grant trying to take Richmond.

Although the story is a somewhat amateurish mess and the characters are made of plywood, Truscott's book bristles with engaging, sometimes horrific lore about the ordeal of West Point, circa 1968, its codes and disciplines. His description of Beast Barracks, the two summer months before plebe year that turn oafish high school graduates into passable cadets, has the ring of first-rate journalism. Truscott possesses a subversively accurate ear for the intonations of officers: "Outstanding, major. Damn fine work. Damn fine."

Truscott seems to retain a sadomasochistic affection for West Point. He must forgive readers who detect traces of autobiography in the paragon Ry Slaughter: "An odd case, a cadet who seemed somehow out of place at West Point, and yet he possessed all the qualities of a textbook military leader: poise, bearing, guts, intelligence, and a massive, nearly impenetrable ego." Outstanding. Man sounds like a real Truscott. *Damn fine.* —Lance Morrow

## Polish Joke

How the publishers got stung

"Several of us read your untitled novel here with admiration for writing and style. Jerzy Kosinski comes to mind as a point of comparison when reading the stark, chilly, episodic incidents you have set down. The drawback to the manuscript, as it stands, is that it doesn't add up to a satisfactory whole."

Not bad, as rejection slips go. Except ... what Houghton Mifflin, the rejecting publishers, did not know was that they were on the receiving end of a sting. The manuscript they turned down in 1977 was a freshly typed copy of *Steps*, a Kosinski novel that had won the National Book Award in 1969.

Houghton Mifflin is the publisher of three Kosinski novels, including his best known, *The Painted Bird*. But consider the embarrassment at Random House. They rejected the identical *Steps* manuscript nine years after they had published it. In all 14 publishers and 13 literary agents failed to recognize the book when it was sent unsolicited by an author who



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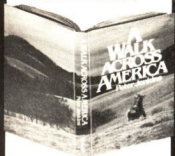
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## Books

called himself Erik Demos. Demos is the nom de hoax chosen by Chuck Ross, a Los Angeles freelance writer out to prove what thousands of aspiring first novelists already know: it is virtually impossible for an unknown author to break into print through the U.S. mails with what is known in the trade as an "over the transom" manuscript. One of the extremely rare exceptions to the rule was Judith Guest's *Ordinary People* (1976).

In the latest issue of *New West* magazine, Ross discloses that he first conducted the *Steps* experiment in 1975. At that time he sent 21 pages of the book to four publishers. Results of this first total rejection were published in Harper's *Bookletter*, a now defunct biweekly. That article also contained Kosinski's advice that next time Ross should offer the entire text of *Steps*.

When he did, two years later, not a memory trace of the first episode remained in the publishing world. Rejection slips again crowded Ross's mailbox. "While your prose style is very lucid," wrote Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, "the content of the book didn't inspire the level of enthusiasm..." After a long delay, Random House sent a form letter, and an editor at William Morrow postscripted a consolation: "Sorry, I liked the opening gambit. Why don't you find an agent?"

Not a chance. The agents offered a chorus of refusals. "It seems too fragmented and dreamlike to be a good commercial bet," wrote Lurton Blasingame. "We regret that we do not have the time here to read unsolicited fiction," explained James Brown. Candida Donadio & Associates demurred with, "When all is said and done, we felt the manuscript lacked that all-important dramatic tension." And from the office of Knox Burger after two follow-up letters from Ross: "I'm very sorry, but we have no record

of having received your *MS.* or postage."

Kosinski is philosophical about the fact that his award-winning, experimental novel rang no bells: "Thank God it means different things to different people. It was written ten years ago, and how many politicians would be recognized from what they said ten years ago?"

How to solve the problem of getting an unsolicited manuscript published? "Only by the persistence of the author," says Kosinski. Or the persistence of the hoaxer. Next time Ross submits the Polish-born author's novel he might keep an eye on the bestseller list and give the manuscript a more current title. Say, *The Complete Book of Steps*. ■

## Editors' Choice

**FICTION:** A Perfect Vacuum, Stanislaw Lem • Birdy, William Wharton • Dubin's Lives, Bernard Malamud • Nostalgia for the Present, Andrei Voznesensky • The Coup, John Updike • The Flounder, Günter Grass • The Stories of John Cheever, John Cheever

**NONFICTION:** A Distant Mirror, Barbara W. Tuchman • A Jew Today, Elie Wiesel • American Caesar, William Manchester • E.M. Forster: A Life, P.N. Furbank • In Search of History, Theodore H. White • The Culture of Narcissism, Christopher Lasch • Thoughts in a Dry Season, Gerald Brenan

## Best Sellers

### FICTION

1. War and Remembrance, *Wouk* (1 last week)
2. Overload, *Hailey* (3)
3. Chesapeake, *Michener* (2)
4. The Stories of John Cheever, *Cheever* (4)
5. The Sixth Commandment, *Sanders*
6. Fools Die, *Puzo* (5)
7. Evergreen, *Platt* (7)
8. The Coup, *Updike* (6)
9. Second Generation, *Furst* (8)
10. Dress Gray, *Truscott*

### NONFICTION

1. Lauren Bacall by Myself, *Bacall* (1)
2. Mommie Dearest, *Crawford* (2)
3. A Distant Mirror, *Tuchman* (3)
4. The Complete Scarsdale Medical Diet, *Turnover & Baker* (5)
5. American Caesar, *Manchester* (4)
6. In Search of History, *White* (6)
7. Linda Goodman's Love Signs, *Goodman* (10)
8. If Life Is a Bowl of Cherries—What Am I Doing in the Pits?, *Bombeck* (9)
9. The Complete Book of Running, *Fitts*
10. Gnomes, *Hygen & Poortvliet* (8)



Jerzy Kosinski

After ten years, no bells were ringing.

ROBERT STERN



## Law

### The Twelfth Man Hangs a Jury

*A holdout in Daniel Flood's bribery case causes a mistrial*

**T**he evidence kept mounting against Pennsylvania's Democratic Congressman Daniel Flood in his three-week trial for taking more than \$60,000 in bribes. A lobbyist, three businessmen and a rabbi told of paying off Flood to arrange federal grants and contracts. Stephen Elko, Flood's onetime top aide who is now serving a two-year sentence for taking bribes from some of the same people, quoted his old boss as saying, "This is a business. Get all you can while you can get it." Meanwhile, the 16-term Congressman, known for his roccoco oratory and baroque waxed mustache, declined to take the stand in Washington, D.C.'s federal district court or, in fact, to say anything.

Eleven jurors heard enough to convict. But not the twelfth. According to other jurors, retired Navy Cook William Cash, 63, held out for Flood's acquittal during the almost twelve hours of deliberation. The result: a mistrial—and a federal investigation into the reasons for it. Last week, TIME has learned, federal agents received information linking Cash with individuals described as "associates of Flood." Cash denies everything, but a strange tale has begun to unfold.

Soon after the jury retired to consider the verdict, Cash made it clear that he would vote "not guilty" on every one of eleven counts of bribery, conspiracy and perjury against Flood. At first, he would not say why. But then he told the jury that he had learned from "confidential sources" that three of the prosecution's witnesses, including Elko, had "stolen" \$176,000 from Flood. "Cash felt that the other three were guiltier than Flood and



The Congressman smiles outside of court  
A "joke"—or tampering?

that Flood had been taken advantage of," says Juror Elizabeth Vegas, 29. Cash also stated that he did not want to convict Flood because of the Congressman's age, 74. The evidence against Flood was still overwhelming, other jurors argued. But, says Vegas, "it was just impossible to talk with the man." Repeatedly, the vote came out the same: 11 to 1 to convict Flood on at least four counts of bribery and three

counts of perjury. Finally, Cash and the jury foreman, according to Vegas, disappeared into a bathroom to try to work out a deal: Would Cash go along with a guilty verdict on one count if the other jurors agreed to acquit on all the rest? The jurors rejected that idea.

One wrote an unsigned note to Judge Oliver Gasch protesting: "I don't think American justice should work this way." When Gasch called the jurors together, he quickly learned of Cash's so-called confidential information. Questioned by the judge, Cash simply shrugged and said it had been a "joke." Back went the jury, with instructions to consider only evidence presented in court. Again it deadlocked, and the judge, "with the utmost reluctance," declared a mistrial.

Last week Cash maintained he had made up a joke that he scarcely recalls, and that he had never even heard of Flood before the trial. But federal officials were not so sure. Cash's information is similar in some details to a story Flood told Elko years ago. How Cash could have got involved is a mystery. Along with the rest of the jury, he was supposed to be completely isolated from outside contact during the trial. Federal marshals accompanied jurors on trips to pick up clean clothes from home, and even the windows of the jurors' van were covered with green paper.

As for Flood, the question of a new trial was still undecided. In any event, he seems finished as a power in Congress. Hospitalized for exhaustion last week, he has already resigned as chairman of the Labor-HEW Appropriations Subcommittee, the base from which he funneled millions of dollars into his Wilkes-Barre congressional district. Still, he was overwhelmingly returned to Congress last November, thanks to constituents who voted for him as stubbornly as Juror William Cash.

## Milestones

**MARRIED.** Susan Ford, 21, photographer and only daughter of former President and Mrs. Gerald R. Ford; and **Charles Frederick Vance**, 37, Secret Service agent who met his bride in June 1977 while guarding her father; she for the first time, he for the second; in Palm Desert, Calif.

**DIED.** **Allen Tate**, 79, influential Southern poet, critic and teacher; in Nashville, a Kentuckian who as a boy longed to be another Edgar Allan Poe. Tate was a brilliant, arrogant senior at Vanderbilt University when he was invited to join a group of older poets known as the Fugitives, which included his teacher John Crowe Ransom. Believing that industrialism would ruin the South, Tate was for a time an agrarian and always venerated what he saw as the stability and simplicity of the Old South. He taught at a number of

colleges, mainly the University of Minnesota, and helped found the New Criticism, which stressed the study of the poem or story itself, divorced from its historical context. He also continued to write poems, of which his *Ode to the Confederate Dead* is the most personal and popular. The main theme of much of his highly intellectual, harsh and often violent poetry, he later wrote, was "man suffering from unbelief," and in 1950 he joined the Roman Catholic Church. He had much in common with T.S. Eliot, whom he vastly admired. Eliot once described Tate as a "sage" who "believes in reason rather than enthusiasm," knowing that "many problems are insoluble."

**DIED.** **Warren Giles**, 82, longtime president of baseball's National League; of cancer; in Cincinnati. General Manager of the

Cincinnati Reds since 1936. Giles was named National League president in 1951, after withdrawing from a deadlocked election for baseball commissioner in favor of opponent Ford Frick. During the next 18 years, he watched his league end the dominance of the rival American League by winning 16 out of 22 All-Star games and 10 of 19 World Series. After retirement in 1969, the charming, cherubic baseball executive could still turn crusty when defending the interests of club owners. "It's all wrong," complained Giles in 1978, referring to the steep salaries paid some ballplayers. "Too much money, too much money."

**DIED.** **Charles Seeger**, 92, pioneering American musicologist, teacher, and father of Folksingers Pete, Mike and Peggy; in Bridgewater, Conn.

## Education



Vice Admiral Stockdale and his class discuss moral obligations

### This Prof Learned the Hard Way

*A former P.O.W. runs the Naval War College and teaches too*

**T**he lecturer is all Navy: blue uniform, gold braid, seven rows of ribbons, a lined, leathery face and a full mane of white hair. Like a captain on his bridge, he paces back and forth before his students, 45 mature, mid-career military officers taking a year of graduate studies at the Naval War College in Newport, R.I. The lecturer, Vice Admiral James Stockdale, 55, is accustomed to speaking before sizable groups of men. As a wing commander aboard an aircraft carrier, he had to brief his pilots before every mission. But now he is talking about moral dilemmas, not military targets. Stockdale is not only president of the 94-year-old Naval War College but also a philosophy teacher who designed his course, "Foundations of Moral Obligation," to combat what he calls "the deadening of moral sensitivities."

Jim Stockdale brings to his classroom a unique set of credentials: a bachelor's degree in engineering from Annapolis (he finished 130th in the class of 1947, behind Jimmy Carter, who was 60th, and CIA Director Stansfield Turner, who was 25th); a master's in international relations from Stanford; and a doctorate in heroism from 7½ years as the senior American P.O.W. at Hoa Lo prison, the infamous Hanoi Hilton.

In 1977 Stockdale was named president of the Na-

val War College, which sits on a windswept point overlooking Narragansett Bay. Among his first acts was to draft Joseph Brennan, 68, professor emeritus of philosophy at Columbia University, to help him design and teach a course on military morality. "The twists and turns of the fortunes of war have a way of throwing operational skippers and others out into new decision-making territory where all previous bets are off," says Stockdale.

Every Wednesday Stockdale and Brennan team for a two-hour lecture; on Thursdays the class joins the discussion in a 90-min. seminar. "This isn't a leadership course," says Stockdale. "It's a walk through the classics." For ten weeks, his students contemplate man as moral animal. The reading list is long and demanding: Socrates, Aristotle, Kant, Mill, Sartre, Emerson, Dostoyevsky, Marx and Lenin. Frequently the class dwells on the unfairness of fate as illustrated by Job in the Bible, by Camus in *The Plague*, by Solzhenitsyn in *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*. And by James Stockdale as a sorely tested P.O.W.

Stockdale came to philosophy as a 38-year-old Navy fighter pilot enrolled in a master's program at Stanford's Hoover Institution. Part of his reading was this passage from the *Enchiridion*,

a manual for Roman field soldiers by the philosopher Epictetus: "It is better to die in hunger, exempt from guilt and fear, than to live in affluence and perturbation." It was a lesson Stockdale would draw on repeatedly after parachuting from his crippled A-4 jet and landing in North Viet Nam on Sept. 9, 1965.

Before he was finally released on Feb. 12, 1973, Stockdale endured 2,714 days of imprisonment, including three years in solitary confinement and more than a year in total isolation. He was tortured for days on end and, by his own count, was reduced to total submission 15 times. But he also thwarted his captors on quite a few occasions. In 1969, when the North Vietnamese were about to use him in a propaganda film, he battered his face to a puffy pulp with a wooden stool and chopped off his hair with a razor, slashing his scalp in the process. The enemy no longer found him photogenic.

Seven months later, his endurance sapped, Stockdale realized that if his interrogation continued, he would probably give up secrets. He finally employed a lesson he had learned from Thomas Schelling's 1960 *The Strategy of Conflict*, a work he had come across at Stanford. He stabbed his wrists with broken glass, producing pools of blood that horrified his guards and made them end their interrogations. "I felt the only way I could really deter and stop the flow of questioning was to show a commitment to death," remembers Stockdale. "I don't think that I intended to die, but I intended to make them think that I was ready to die." That act earned him the Medal of Honor.

**S**tockdale's experiences probably qualify him as much as anyone alive to lead career military officers into the labyrinth of moral questions that have come out of Viet Nam. Ethics is taught in many forms in service academies and postgraduate institutions. But Stockdale wants to create a model specifically designed to help the military "regain our bearings." Says he: "Today's ranks are filled with officers who have been weaned on slogans and fads of the sort preached in the better business schools—that rational managerial concepts will cure all evils. This course is my defense against the buzzword-nomograph-acronym mentality."

Stockdale's record serves as a defense against that sort of mentality among the 345 students at the Newport school. Says Air Force Lieut. Colonel Norman McDaniel, a fellow P.O.W. of Stockdale's and now one of his students: "A lot of training in the military tells you how you should act, but it doesn't give you the why. We're at a stage of moving from responding to what other people tell us to do to having more choice." Not an easy concept for military men, but as Stockdale puts it, "No philosophical survival kits are issued" when man goes to war. ■



As a prisoner (right)



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